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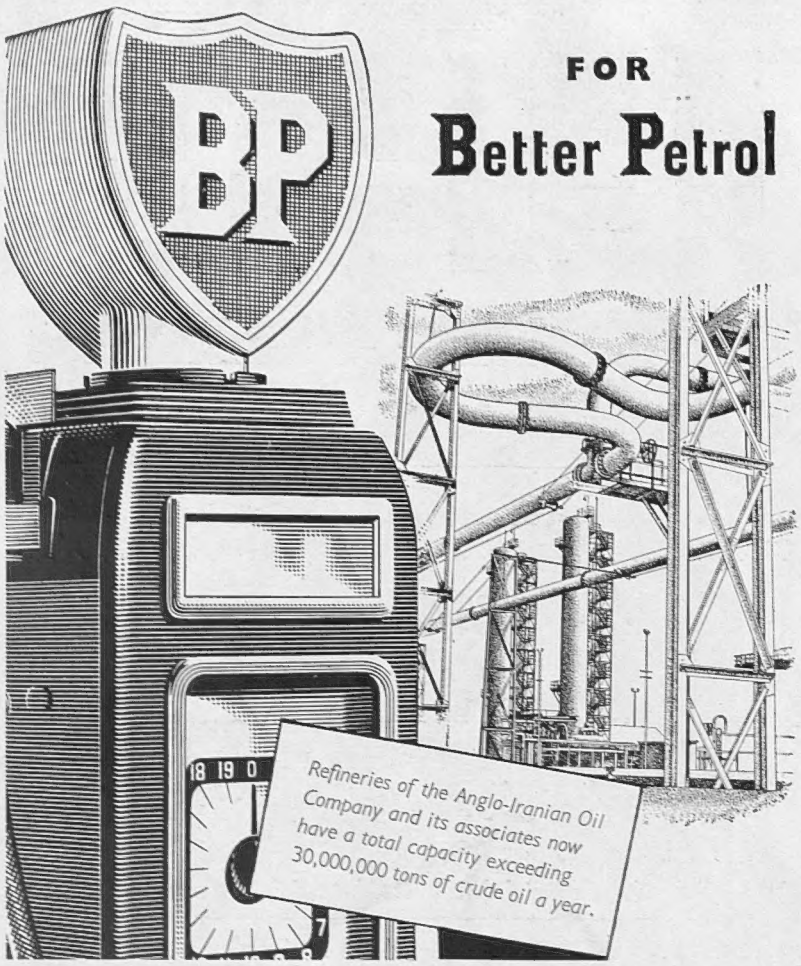

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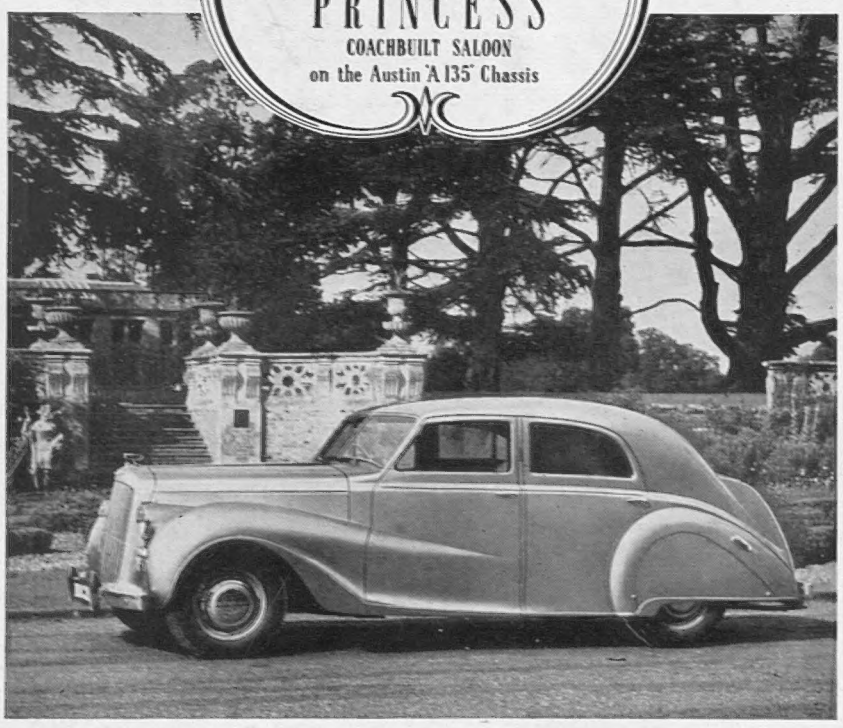

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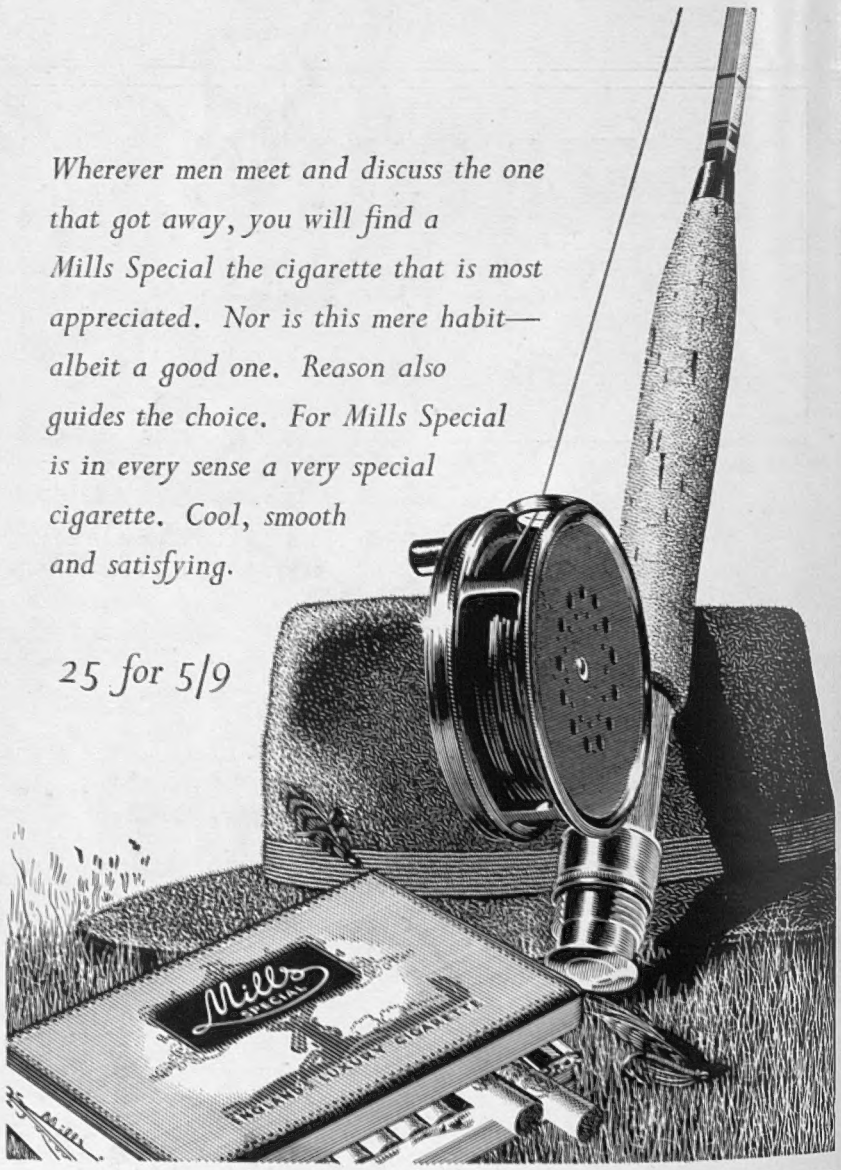

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Volume CCII No. 2636 The SPHERE, London, August 12, 1950

The SPHERE
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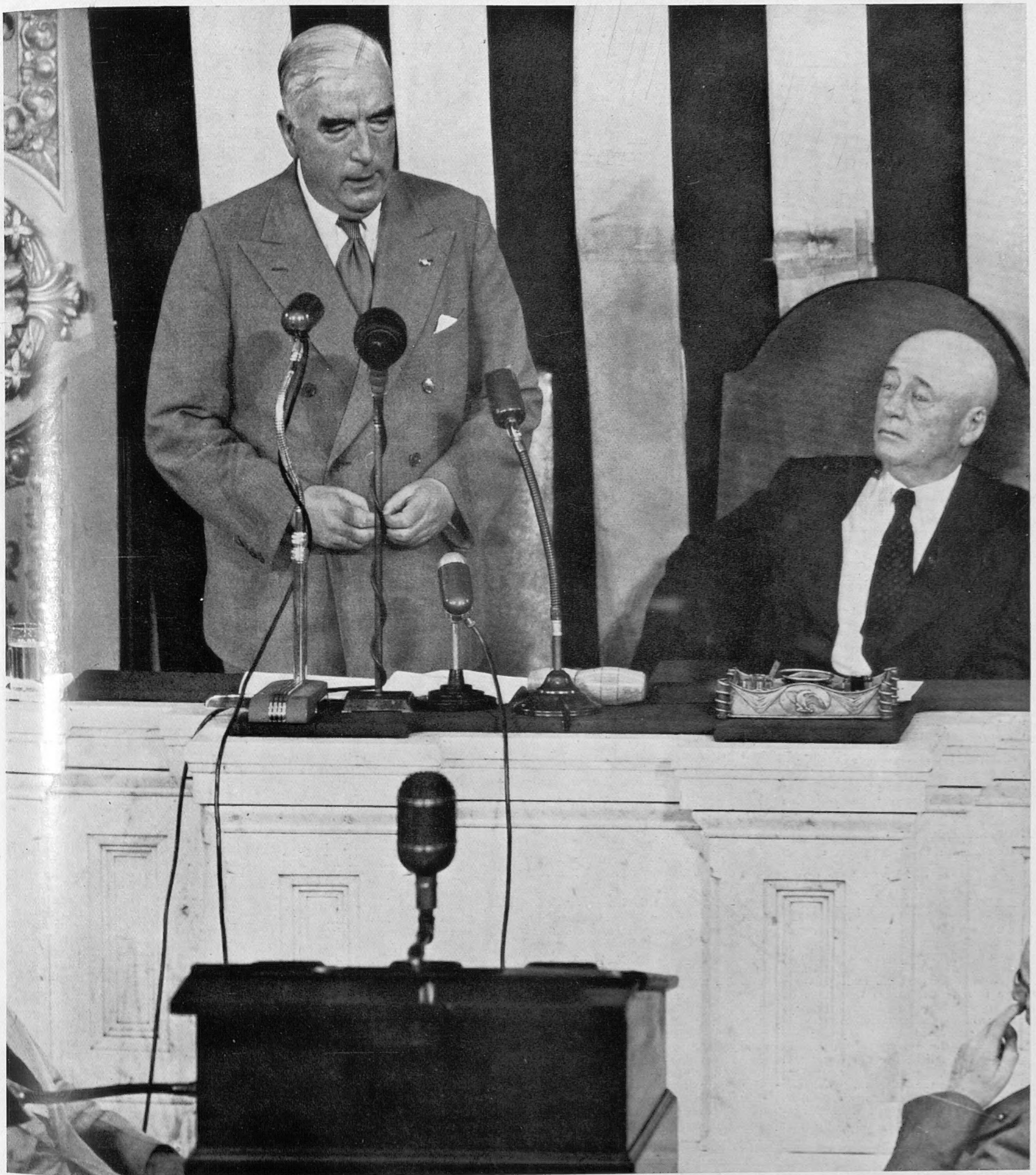
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



AUSTRALIA PLEDGES KOREAN AID — MR. GORDON MENZIES, COMMONWEALTH PRIME MINISTER, ADDRESSING THE UNITED STATES HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WHEN HE TOLD THEM THAT AUSTRALIA "WOULD SEND A SMALL BUT FIRST-CLASS FORCE TO KOREA": Seated beside Mr. Menzies is Speaker of the House, Sam Rayburn, who received a request from President Truman on the previous day for an additional 4,000,000,000 dollars to be voted by Congress in foreign military aid

An America rendered somewhat gloomy at the thought that she was bearing much of the burden and the heat of the day on behalf of the United Nations in Korea was heartened last week by the speech of Mr. Gordon Menzies before the House of Representatives in Washington. The Australian Premier made it plain that his country was well and truly in the battle, and that the force that was going out to Korea would consist of well-seasoned troops, some of them drawn from the occupation force in Japan. He warned, however, that as far as ground forces are concerned, Australian help is limited, as Australia has no standing Army. Mr. Menzies at the same time expressed the hope that there would be a British Commonwealth Division in Korea, and it seemed clear that his remarks were in large measure an outcome of defence talks with Mr. Attlee in London. On the same day that Mr. Menzies spoke, Washington also heard the news that New Zealand would probably send an artillery unit to Korea.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Call to Work and Sacrifice.—Mr. Attlee's call to the nation in the latest hour of need was about as unlike Mr. Churchill's methods as chalk is from cheese. I am going to record my *second* thoughts about that broadcast. It was a plain tale, plainly told. His voice never rose, never fell. He slurred his syllables as he always does, and made not the slightest effort at dramatic effect by inflexion of voice or purple passage. There was not a hint of "Once more into the breach, dear friends" or of "blood and sweat and tears." All my life I have suspected the purple passage, believed in the permanent merit of the prose of action, the plain tale, plainly told. But Churchill's oratory was exactly right in 1940 and moved me and the nation. *Then* the hour found the man. Was it the hour or the oratory of the man that *then* won us? If Churchill's method was right in 1940, was Attlee's wrong in 1950? At first hearing I thought so. I thought "We be leaderless men." But now I 'm not so sure. Oratorical effects and purple passages are rather like sweet champagne or nougat. Stimulating and intensely luscious, you can soon have a surfeit. One can eat an apple a day but not strawberries and cream all the year round. I am not thinking in terms of *men* here. Churchill has proved himself the ideal war leader. Attlee has still to win *those* spurs. I am thinking here of the oratory best fitted for this hour in 1950. I do not believe (on second thoughts) that purple plums (falling even from an inspired orator—and God knows Attlee is not one) would have much effect in 1950 in rousing us to further action and sacrifice. We have had a bellyful of both. And quite certainly we have much more to come. It is the hour which rouses us, not the oratory.

"The Happy Autumn Fields."—West Sussex is pretty at all times, never prettier and more peaceful, perhaps, than when the corn is stooked, the heather purple and the downs shimmering and blue. Our thoughts at this time are normally concerned with racing and cricket, polo and swimming, village flower shows and other innocent, open-air junkets. Winter is still far away and holidays present or to come. Parliament went into recess after debates and announcements as grave as any immediately preceding world war. Ministers and permanent officials are not thinking only of holidays and sport. They have the task of preparing plans for putting this country in a state of defence against probable aggression on a vast scale, and *somehow* of persuading the good, easy citizen that it is his manifest and instant duty to co-operate in those plans and to prepare to pay for them. In the happy autumn fields that urgency and that necessity are still far from being appreciated. "Tears from the depths of some divine despair" rise in my heart when looking on these fields, and thinking of the bloody Korean fields. The puzzle is insoluble to me. Life is sweet, west and east, or *can* be sweet. What makes two worlds of a single humanity? What urge is it which makes thousands on thousands of North Koreans (to-day) and perhaps of other satellite races to-morrow, march to death and maiming? What does the average North Korean stand to *gain* if he overrun Korea and save his own life and limbs? Can he be one penny the better off? What *is* this urge (at one man's instigation) to throw life away for a benefit which cannot be counted or weighed and (because it is dishonourable, treacherous and aggressive) cannot rank as an ideal?

A Verdict on Humanity.—It is not an answer to say that Communism is a compelling force because it is born of misery and nurtured in hate. In the past forty years millions of happy, well-fed peoples have cheerfully marched to death, to kill and be killed, with much to lose and no clear idea of gain from their aggression. Are we to accept the proposition that for nearly forty years a great chunk of civilisation has preferred a state of war to a state of peace, preferred death, maiming and destruction to prosperity and happiness? Impossible. Only about ten years ago Russia made a shameful pact with Hitler in order to buy peace for herself. Her people to-day are certainly more prosperous than they were in 1939 and have much more to lose by war. There is no basis in logic upon which to reason the puzzle out. We must accept it that half-civilisation (and not always the same half) is incurably mad, or weak and will-less as sheep. We are compelled to accept an awful judgment on human intelligence to-day. You have one-half of humanity the easy prey of a single evil megalomaniac, ready to march to death at his signal, ready to die and slay for *any* slogan or ideology, left or right. And the other half so soft and fatty as to be incapable of self-protection and of the sacrifices and prudence which it requires, until the march of aggression is under way. It is not a pretty picture of human progress in education and discipline and enlightenment.

Any Questions?—The B.B.C. certainly found an interesting and useful feature in "Any Questions?", compèred by Mr. Grisewood. Seaside holiday audiences proved to be representative, alert, sensible and far from frivolous, and the teams of brain specialists have responded with their best wisdom. Why this feature should be so much better than those boring, stuttering and deplorable Brains Trusts I cannot tell. I have listened to several and from the harvest of knowledge gained of public "reactions" and opinions, I will name one or two items. (1) The Festival of Britain and the expenditure upon it are preponderatingly unpopular. It is fair to assume that the bulk of the population don't want the Festival at any price. (2) The majority (I should judge) clearly believes that this Government could still save a substantial number of millions annually by cutting unnecessary "frills." (3) Believes, too, that the best expenditure on defence is to improve the pay and prospects of the regulars. (4) That the workers in industry still do not work too hard and, by working a little harder, could pay for our adequate defences without further taxation. (5) Believes that soaking the rich has gone far enough and that any form of further capital levy would give a final quietus to national saving and lead men of all sorts to squander or hoard. These are a few impressions of majority belief which (it seems to me) one can obtain from the cheers, laughs, boos and questions which are offered to the teams.

The Return of Malik.—We may be left guessing rather longer than usual why Stalin decreed Russia's return to the Security Council. Certainly it was Russia's turn to preside, but the president has no extraordinary representative or directive powers. Malik walked out because a representative of Nationalist China still sat at the Council. That representative was still sitting when he returned to preside, and the first vote confirmed his claim to sit. Is this loss of face accepted by Russia? Is there (fond and fantastic hope) a change of heart, a desire to seek peace and ensue it? At the time of writing, Malik has not walked out again. It is no use guessing. It does not follow that we shall know "all the answers" in August. The president has no special powers; the Soviet representatives can always veto. But they cannot veto retrospectively. They can agree to call off aggression in Korea, but they cannot call off counter-aggression measures by the U.N. already taken. These facts suggest to the pessimists that Malik is back to veto any measures to meet a *new* aggression. It may be so. It hasn't paid Russia to stand aside. The mice have done more than play (at long last) while the cat was away. They have actually begun to sharpen *their* little claws and teeth. Perhaps Stalin feels that playtime must end—if you can call it play.

Eton, Windsor and Traffic Problems.—Last week I went to Eton to wind up a happy five years as an Eton parent. There is always a sadness in "last times" and farewells; but sentiment is a tiresome string to harp on. This note shall be sounded on a harsher, compensating string. I shall be glad to be spared the misery of that senseless traffic block in the Eton bottleneck, which must be driving regular users of that road to madness or Communism. The shopper or delivery-van driver still parks where he likes on either side of the street; it is "liberty hall" from Windsor Bridge to the Burning Bush, and I have been before now fifteen minutes in doing those few hundred yards. In summer on a half-holiday afternoon, the crowds and queues in Windsor itself are portents. What must it be like for residents of the Royal borough between May and October who must share their amenities, pavements, transport, and so on, with uncountable thousands of sightseers every day? The traffic is so continuous that the very petrol-filling stations are baulked of custom and many shop-keepers must be in the same pass. If ever the River Thames cried out for a Bailey bridge it is the Thames of the Royal reaches at Windsor. If ever a borough needed a vigorous plan for traffic control, it is Windsor-cum-Eton. The thing I ask myself is: What will be Windsor's and Eton's traffic problem in 1951, the "Festival" year, when the whole world is to be our guest, and when the towns and boroughs have responded to the Government Whip to "stage attractions to attract tourists"? It will be a bold local authority which (without precautions taken in advance) seeks to *increase* the attractions of Windsor and Eton in their bottleneck.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ROOSTER OF WALLONIA BORNE THROUGH THE STREETS OF BRUSSELS—DEMONSTRATORS AGAINST LEOPOLD III, WORKERS WHO HAD FLOCKED INTO THE CAPITAL FROM THE WALLOON PROVINCE, TAKING PART IN A MARCH AFTER THE KING HAD RENOUNCED THE THRONE: When it was proclaimed that the King was willing to renounce his powers and that he would abdicate in September 1951 in favour of his eldest son, the Socialists withdrew their orders for a general march on the capital. The Walloon demonstrators depicted here had, however, already eluded the police cordons round Brussels and were determined to have their say. Most of them shouted "Get Leopold out now!", "Abdication now!" **(See also pages 230-231 of this issue)**

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THE SOVIET SHIP "YALTA" PASSING DOWN-CHANNEL: She was towing another Russian vessel, the *Onega*, variously called a dredger or a boom defence vessel, and was presumably bound for one of the Russian Black Sea ports. When shore stations, signalling with lamps, asked for the names of the ships in the convoy, they received no answer, and the *Yalta*, the *Onega* and an attendant tug proceeded on their way

MUCH ADO ABOUT "A RED DREDGER"

A Soviet Convoy Passes through the Channel but Makes no Reply to Coastguard Signals

THE "ONEGA" AND THE FREIGHTER "YALTA" SEEN FROM THE AIR: The two Soviet ships seen as they made their way down-Channel, with the hammer-and-sickle insignia adorning their funnels. The *Onega* is described in "Jane's Fighting Ships" as a boom defence vessel. She has a displacement of 530 tons and a speed of 8 knots. She has emplacements for three 45-mm. anti-aircraft guns. The coastguards were much disturbed at the ships "running the gauntlet" without signalling their names

IN THE BATTLE OF PUSAN BRIDGEHEAD

HEAVY TANKS AND LIGHT RECONNAISSANCE PLANES PLAY THEIR PART

A GUNNER TESTS THE ·50-CALIBRE MACHINE-GUN ON THE TURRET OF A GENERAL PERSHING TANK : This newly-arrived tank was being tried out somewhere near the port of Pusan after being landed from an Army transport. The main armament of this tank is the 90-mm., high-velocity turret gun which, firing from a hull-down position, can be a formidable weapon in any battle. The heavily-armoured turret has sloping sides, enabling it to ride the blows of most light anti-tank guns. The North Koreans have been relying for the most part on 30-ton tanks, and have also introduced some of Russia's latest 60-tonners. After the first month of fighting it was announced from General MacArthur's headquarters in Tokyo that 200 North Korean tanks had been knocked out

Below—**A VILLAGE STREET BECOMES AN AIRSTRIP :** This small plane, used by the American forces to spot enemy artillery, is seen taking-off from a village just behind the front line. In the background is a bulldozer which lengthened the airstrip at one end of the village

THE MOVE TO OUST THE CHINESE NATIONALIST REPRESENTATIVE IS DEFEATED : Delegates at the Security Council at Lake Success, who met under the presidency of Jacob Malik, of Soviet Russia, voting against Mr. Malik's ruling that Dr. T. G. Tsiang had no right to hold a seat in the Council. This eagerly-awaited session of the United Nations, for which there were 20,000 applications for admission by members of the public, was marked throughout by the aggressive ferocity of Mr. Malik, who wielded his powers as chairman very much in the manner of a dictator. The meeting opened with Mr. Malik giving his ruling against the Chinese representative, and from that moment battle was joined. Only the Indian and Yugoslavian representatives voted with the Russian chairman. Mr. Malik, who failed to persuade the delegates to accept his own draft agenda, delivered a long diatribe against American aggression. He declared the Soviet had persistently pursued a policy of peace

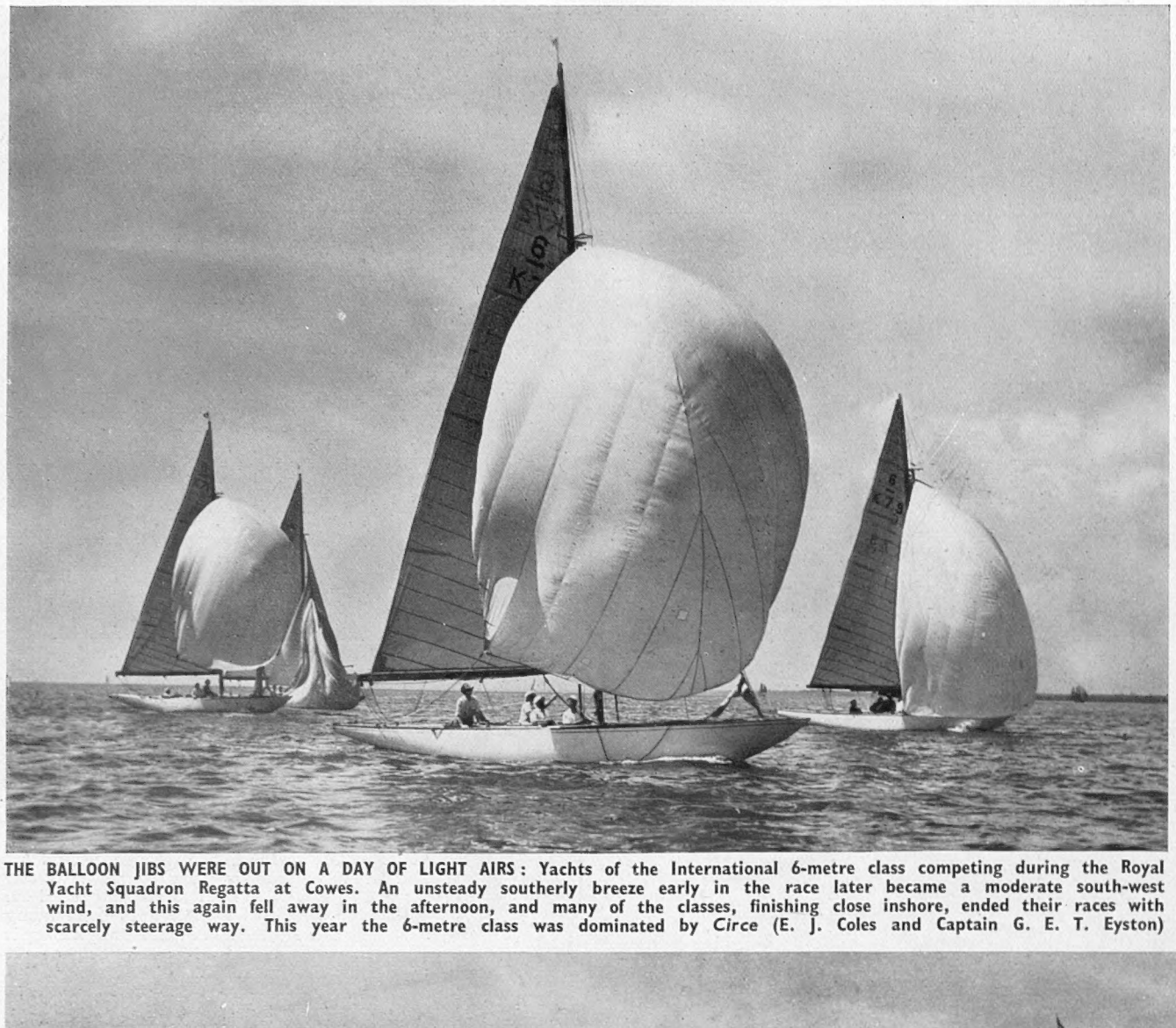
JACOB MALIK PRESIDES

The Russian Representative at a Fateful Meeting of the Security Council

HE WAS THE MAN OF THE MOMENT, AND HE KNEW IT : The Soviet delegate, Mr. Jacob Malik, round whom the proceedings at Lake Success revolved. His ruling from the chair regarding China was so framed that even those who might have been inclined to support his viewpoint were confronted by the dictatorial manner of his approach

HE DELIVERED THE FIRST CHALLENGE TO MR. MALIK : The U.S. delegate, Mr. Warren Austin, who refused to accept Mr. Malik's ruling regarding the Chinese representative. He also demanded that the first item on the agenda be the question of aggression in Southern Korea

IN THE HEAT OF THE BATTLE AT LAKE SUCCESS : Mr. Malik is seen on the left of the picture in his position as president, in the centre of the horseshoe table. On the right is Mr. Warren Austin, the American delegate, and in the centre (holding headphones) is the British delegate, Sir Gladwyn Jebb. This was the first appearance of a Russian delegate at the Security Council of the United Nations for twenty-nine weeks



THE BALLOON JIBS WERE OUT ON A DAY OF LIGHT AIRS: Yachts of the International 6-metre class competing during the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta at Cowes. An unsteady southerly breeze early in the race later became a moderate south-west wind, and this again fell away in the afternoon, and many of the classes, finishing close inshore, ended their races with scarcely steerage way. This year the 6-metre class was dominated by *Circe* (E. J. Coles and Captain G. E. T. Eyston)

COWES WEEK

IN THE NEW ERA OF THE LITTLE BOATS

Cowes Week was not graced by Royalty this year, and it had a less social atmosphere than in the years between the wars. The accent, more than ever, was on yachting and racing. The eyes of the spectators were essentially directed towards the sea. What they saw on the opening day alone could be but a heartening sight for all who enjoy this great sport. On this day the Royal London Yacht Club held fifteen races, for which there were 237 yachts entered. Among them were forty to fifty vessels of fast-cruising or ocean-racing type, and also about fifty yachts in the International racing classes. On succeeding days there were also heavy programmes.

On the inaugural day of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, which occupied four days of Cowes Week, the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Frederick Rowland, visited Cowes to accept the office of Admiral of the Royal London Yacht Club, which was founded in 1838. King George V, when Duke of York, was the Club's last Admiral, since when the office has remained unfilled.

The weather varied extraordinarily during Cowes Week. On some days the boisterous conditions gave even quite experienced yachtsmen a severe testing.

THE DRAGON-CLASS YACHTS MAKE HEADWAY IN VARIABLE WIND CONDITIONS: This was on a day of sunshine and squalls at the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, when many of the boats were tested to their uttermost. In the 6-metre event on the Royal Yacht Squadron's second day only four boats completed the course, and only three boats finished in the Dragon class—a contrast to conditions on the preceding day when some craft were becalmed. At least four yachts were seriously disabled

SAILING PAST "VANGUARD," BRITAIN'S LARGEST AND LATEST BATTLESHIP: *St. Barbara*, which raced in the class of 28 to 38 ft., seen in company with two other boats of the same class at the Royal London Yacht Club Regatta, with which Cowes Week opened. *Yeoman*, *Cynthia* and *St. Barbara* all finished in a bunch about five minutes behind *Evenlode* (the scratch boat in her class), and they made a glorious picture as they approached the finishing-line, with only a matter of lengths between them

WHITE SAILS ON AUGUST WATERS: The Auxiliary Cruising yachts, which provided some spectacular handicap racing, seen with the battleship *Vanguard* in the distance. These were the largest yachts competing this year, and if they lacked the splendid lines of the old "J"-class yachts, such as *Shamrock*, *Britannia*, *Westward* and *Endeavour*, which graced Cowes in the years between the wars, they made up for it by their sturdy performances, often under boisterous weather conditions

THROWING A SABOT INTO THE WORKS

The Habits of the Modern Wrecker

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AT the same time as Moscow and Prague Radios worked up a red-hot onslaught on "criminal American imperialists and their agents" for allegedly dropping Colorado beetles on Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany in order to sabotage vital crops, and for shipping fungus-infected, insect-infected seeds and beans with the same objective in view, *Pravda* coolly called upon friends of the "people's democracies," everywhere, to enlist in a veritable sabotage crusade against the "imperialist warmongers."

The bogus Stockholm Peace Appeal was the vehicle chosen, and this is how it went: "People who signed it have, in fact, taken a pledge which means 'I shall stop trains, refuse to unload arms from ships, deprive planes of fuel, forbid my son and husband to fight in the forces, and deny food, telephone services and transport to the administration' in order to prevent war." A full pledge indeed.

Poor liars can be caught by their proneness to elaborate, and the Czechs tripped themselves up when, after detailing the discovery of beetles on roof-tops and other unnatural places, of newly-broken bottles in which "beetles had been carried," and of many little boxes, some of them still full of beetles, the Government itself, in urging the people to gather up the bugs and destroy them, added that last year a similar menace was eliminated "with the help and experience of Soviet scientists."

Last year nobody had thought of imperialist bug-droppers and they mightn't have been thought of this year either but for recent articles in American magazines on bacteriological warfare. Of durable import is the manner in which the Stalinists seize upon every twist and turn in the twilight peace. In this case, anything suggesting that the West might be toying with the sabotage notion was grist to the Soviet mill because it would enable the Russians to accuse the West of doing precisely what they—the Russians—intended doing themselves; in fact, the old Hitler technique.

A further example of this is to be found in the series of sabotage trials—actually eight—which have been going on in the Soviet Zone, when the accused have been Germans charged with interfering with production in Sovietized industries and farm co-operatives and of having dealings with the "monopolists" of West Germany.

Sentences have run up to eight years in what are widely recognised to be "Communist show trials" so designed as to have the additional force of stigmatizing the Christian Democratic Party, to which most of the prisoners have belonged.

The West is a lot of "imperialist warmongers, spies and saboteurs." But the East, when it orders sabotage in the most ringing terms, does so only in the fair name of peace. Thus, when West German Communists were ordered by their East German comrades to strike against the occupying Powers by stirring up industrial unrest, seventy-four-year-old President Pieck only entered a caveat that the time was not yet ripe.

But it is ripe to sabotage the Schuman Plan, and the great chemical industries of France and Germany have been called upon to put the brake on production, the old tag being added of "chemical products destined for war use."

And when the chairman of West German railways, Hans Jahn, told the International Transport Federation, in congress at Stuttgart, that he had a list of twenty-six Communist agents who have been ordered to organise sabotage at West German railway centres, he advised all West European countries to take warning, so extensive were the preparations. To which Henri Lafond, delegate of the French railway unions, agreed, adding that a railway "Communist fifth column" was highly active in France, Italy and other West European countries.

The Stalinists are themselves experiencing trouble on the Hungarian and Czech railways, through sabotage. They know only too well how chaos and hunger can thereby be made to afflict a population. They also know how working-class populations are getting tired of inflicting distress and want upon themselves for political, as distinct from syndical, reasons. Smithfield effects offer a glaring case in London, just as in Genoa they have a word for the weariness—*stanchezza*—induced by having to recast slender domestic budgets at each beck and call.

Yet all this does not deter the Stalinist bosses and their marionettes from insisting upon specific, hub forms of sabotage, so important has this weapon come to be in the latest phase of the non-shooting side. Sabotage may well be the latest phase, dominating it as a Berlin Blockade ruled a whole previous phase.

One can visualise the sabotage files in the appropriate sub-section of the Poliburo, the main headings, under countries: docks, shipping, domestic transport and communications, Services, food supply, key production, flying, factories (miscellaneous), research, public amenities and recreation, morale, and how many more sub-heads in this vastly spreading affair!

The prods going out to marionettes in countries which have not been doing their bit in this and that branch of sabotage; the pat on the back for Comrade X for thinking out that new means of slowing-up output; the fresh guidance in pressing on with such an unawaited success of political sabotage as the Away-with-the-Atom-Bomb-Peace-Appeal.

The dreadful lying which has turned so many sick and away can still be made to operate on the strip-cartoon mind of democracy, that part of it beyond its reasoning depth and driven by those incompatibles: insistence on a higher standard of living than one's neighbour, and—peace.

When the two French air-liners from Saigon met with catastrophe within forty-eight hours over almost the same square mile of sea at the entrance to Bahrein port, rather a shuddersome leading article was printed in the newspaper of the southern French region through which I was passing. Its burden was simply—why be surprised? Why be surprised if both these planes were sabotaged? Nothing more logical than that man should now wage war directly on machines. After all, they were the things that were killing him off, and winning or losing wars.

When people got killed in this assault à la Frankenstein—not quickly, but horribly, like the Saigon passengers, men, women and children—such was an unavoidable hazard of the new kind of warring to which man had turned brain and hand, and in which sabotage was cast for a leading role.

The gradually increasing number of "malicious damage" cases in the Royal Navy and naval dockyards, which could not be kept quiet any longer, give every sign of falling in with prescribed circumstance: just when the world-wide policing and restraining qualities of the R.N. may be most wanted, it finds itself held back by this unit becoming a temporary crock, by that big ammunition explosion.

In one of its deservedly admired Third Leaders, *The Times* gave its solid self up to a misplaced levity when dealing with this subject of sabotage, building round Capri cabbies strewing nails in order to keep taxis off the island. But the writer did mention how "the subfusc art has steadily gained in popularity in most parts of the world," and how "hardly a day passes in which this new and until recently uncommon word does not make its appearance somewhere or other in the world headlines."

We see it continuously used in the ideological connotation. Some of this is called "panicky thinking." It is easy to see sabotage where it does not exist, and thereby unwittingly play the opponent's game. The drawback is that those who thus admonish others are themselves apt to carry complacency to ostrichness.

We see man having recourse to sabotage when he wants to get something off his chest. Take the series of explosions on the Belgian permanent-way as a way of displaying feelings at the return of King Leopold. They caused a complete hold-up on the Belgian train service. Take the sabotage due to union vendettas, alleged by the Labour Postmaster-General against the Post Office staffs.

Take the thoroughgoing action of the Birmingham lad who sought revenge for his dismissal from Warwickshire C.C. ground staff by pouring weed-killer on the pitch, strewing nuts and bolts on the outfield to hamper mowing, and putting water in the motor mower petrol-tank. A second individualist, a young Sheffield machinist, waged direct private war on the machine which was not getting him where he thought he should be—a fitter. He put steel turnings into the bearings of a mill gearing machine, and but for the sharpness of an oilman would have rendered the plant idle and caused a loss amounting to about £5,000 in repairs.

It was by throwing his sabot into industrial machinery that a French working man gave the word "sabotage" to the world, and the remarkable thing is that he did so only a few years before 1914. Of course, there had been sabotage long before then, centuries and centuries before, and especially during time of war, but it used to go by some such forms as "wrecking" and "obstruction."

The first time I recollect coming into contact with the word "sabotage" was when a filing subsection had to be maintained of sabotage activities by Belgian agents in the German Sixth Army lines facing the Ypres Salient. The word steadily gained currency, industrially speaking, politically, and in other ways, throughout the '20's and the '30's, but it was unquestionably the maquis and the commandos in the Second World War who gave sabotage its status and sowed seeds thrusting to-day in divers directions.

One might instance the recent trial of Colonel Hardy, when it was wrongly alleged he gave away the wrecking plan for the French railways, which was to have played such a part in support of the Normandy landings (Hardy was acquitted), or, at a stretch, the famous exploit of the Moehne Dam by the late Guy Gibson, V.C. At any rate, that was in the sabotage "family." For the Germans it represented a major disaster, so great was the toll of lives.

Since when, what have we not seen, read and heard of sabotage: films, thrillers, broadcasts, depicting, romancing, imparting! And more to come, bitterly much more of the real thing.

There seems to be three ways in this matter of sabotage.

The first is for Government to avoid the subject, though the reason is more often political than "security." This evasiveness errs by depriving anti-sabotage staffs of the impetus which they naturally require.

The second and most popular method is to dismiss the matter as if it were a slur on the native, especially "the working class"; "maybe carelessness or the gesture of malcontent"; also to dub it as "sensation-mongering."

The third way, and beyond all doubt the most straightforward way, is to recognise and admit sabotage without inhibition and to take fit measures, no matter whose susceptibilities, or jobs, are touched in the process. This may mean accepting strike challenges.

HARRY GOLD, THE YOUNG AMERICAN ATOMIC SPY, WHO CONFESSED HIS GUILT: He is seen leaving the Federal Court in New York en route to Philadelphia, where he was allowed to visit his ailing father. Gold was escorted by a U.S. Deputy Marshal. Patiently, month after month, the F.B.I. has been trying to untangle the all-but-invisible skeins of plot and counterplot by which Russia had obtained U.S. atomic secrets. The pursuit of Dr. Klaus Fuchs started the process, and after his arrest it took three-and-a-half months of painful toil before U.S. agents worked their way back along the trail to Harry Gold, the chemist. After that the untangling progressed more quickly, and, after catching Gold, the F.B.I. picked up two of his confederates

THE ARREST OF MIRIAM MOSKOWITZ: As a result of the testimony of Harry Gold, Miss Moskowitz, who is seen here with an F.B.I. agent, was held on charges of obstructing justice in connection with the F.B.I. investigation of atomic espionage. Her business partner, Abraham Brothman, was also arrested

REFUGEES THRONG THE TOWN OF KUMCHON : The crowded main street of the town, which was inundated with people from Seoul and Taejon as the tide of battle flowed south through the Korean peninsula. Since this picture was taken Kumchon has been in the front line, and it was the scene of a series of violent engagements as the Americans sought to guard the road and railway to Taegu. The refugees crowding the towns and the roads have been a constant source of worry to the Americans, particularly in that there are many North Korean guerillas lurking among them and waiting for a favourable opportunity to strike

THE REFUGEE PROBLEM IN KOREA

DISGUISED NORTH KOREAN COMBATANTS AMONG THE FLEEING THOUSANDS

REFUGEES FROM YONGDONG WHO TOOK THEIR HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE WITH THEM : Members of a family carrying a table, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe as they began their southward trek. Few refugee families were quite as enterprising as this, although many are wont to carry quite prodigious loads

FORDING A SHALLOW RIVER ON THE SOUTHWARD MARCH : South Korean refugees crossing the upper reaches of the Kum or one of its tributaries just to the north-west of Yongdong. The Kum is nowhere swift-flowing, and at this spot not more than 2 ft. deep at any part

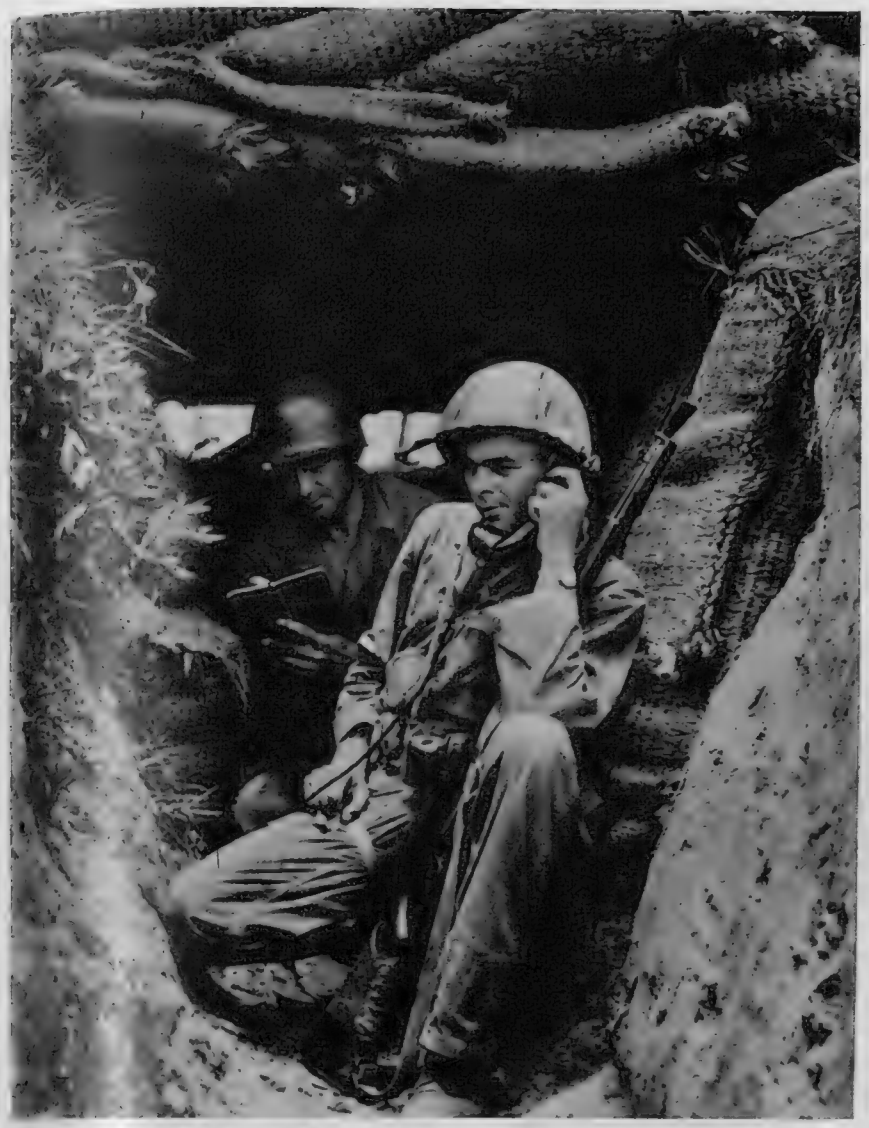
FRONT-LINE NEWS FROM KOREA

Aspects of the War in the Peninsula

FIFTH AIR FORCE BOMBING OPERATIONS TAKE THEIR TOLL OF THE NORTH KOREAN GROUND FORCES : The bridge in the centre, which carried one of the main roads into Chonju, South-Western Korea, was broken by American bombs. When the Communist invaders found the bridge down they attempted to ford the stream below, but American planes pounced again, and three tanks and several vehicles were totally destroyed. Tracks in the foreground indicate that at least two North Korean tanks made a successful crossing at this point, and then pushed on towards Chonju

TWO MEN ARMED WITH FORMIDABLE POWERS OF COUNTER-ATTACK : The American soldier on the left carries a 3·5-in. Bazooka, the anti-tank weapon which has accounted for large numbers of North Korean tanks since it was flown out to the front in the early stages of the campaign. The man on the right has a flame-thrower which is meant for emergency operation when the enemy attack in hordes. Both men are with the First Cavalry Division which landed at Pohang

THE FIGHTING COMMANDER OF THE FIRST CAVALRY DIVISION : Major-General Hobart Gay, veteran of two world wars, in his jeep on the south-eastern front, where his unit went into battle four days after their amphibious landing at Pohang



A COMMAND POST IN THE FRONT LINE: An American lieutenant and a master-sergeant communicating with headquarters by field telephone. During the first weeks of fighting saboteurs have been at work behind the American lines, and on numerous occasions telephone wires have been cut. Guerillas, infiltrating with refugees, have played a large part in this attack on communications

RETREAT NEAR YONGDONG: A battalion of South Korean troops marching to the rear during a more or less orderly retreat. The South Koreans have lately improved in morale, as witness the exploits of General Yu Jae Hung and the men of his Second Korean Corps who have achieved wonders with their new "Molotov cocktails" consisting of fistsful of T.N.T. wrapped round hand-grenades

A GRIM "DAISY-CHAIN" OF ANTI-TANK MINES IS PREPARED FOR ACTION AT ONE OF THE KUM RIVER BRIDGES NEAR YONGDONG: Two American soldiers fixing a trap for North Korean tanks. They also put high-explosives beneath the bridge supports. The American failure to use anti-tank mines and anti-personnel mines in the first days of the campaign has been much discussed, and it has been argued that mines properly placed would have held up the North Koreans for many days

DOLLARS FOR ARMS FOR THE FREE WORLD: President Truman affixing his signature to the Act that will provide 1,222,500,000 dollars in military aid for America's allies in every part of the world. Watching him are, left to right—Senator Millard E. Tydings, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, Deputy E.C.A. Administrator William C. Foster, E. T. Dickinson, Assistant to the Joint Secretaries of Defence, Senator Tom Connally and Senator Alexander Wiley. Of the sum involved, 1,000,000,000 dollars will be used for arming North Atlantic Treaty nations; 131,500,000 for Greece, Turkey and Iran; 75,000,000 for the China area, and 16,000,000 for Korea. In view of the Korean war, however, the Bill's limit on aid to that country is regarded as meaningless. The President has since called for yet more arms aid for Europe

NEWS from WAR-TIME AMERICA

AND OTHER ASPECTS OF WORLD AFFAIRS

UPHOLDING THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT'S ANTI-HOARDING CAMPAIGN: Members of the Philadelphia Transport Workers' Union picketing a grocery store in an effort to stop scare-buying in the city. The Union declared it was not picketing stores, but picketing the shoppers, some of whom had gone on a "buying jag" ever since the Korean war broke out. New York grocers report that sugar sales have trebled in the past month, while motorists at Fort Worth, Texas, have been buying motor-car tyres as never before, sales being up by 700 per cent. At Trenton, New Jersey, one grocer was reported to have put up a sign urging customers to stock up to avoid war scarcity. Exactly two minutes later he removed it in haste when a male customer threatened to punch his nose

TROUBLE ON THE TOUR DE FRANCE, THE 3,000-MILE INTERNATIONAL CYCLE RACE AND THE MOST IMPORTANT SPORTING EVENT OF THE YEAR IN FRANCE: The riders bunched together on a twisting road near St. Gaudens before making the steep ascent of the Aubisque Pass, in the Pyrenees. This was on the eleventh lap of the race, shortly before it was announced that the sixteen Italian cyclists had abandoned the contest. It appears that they did this as a solemn protest because Bartali, leader of their team, was hit on the head while pedalling between Pau and St. Gaudens. Some of the other Italian riders also complained that they had been molested. Following this incident, which was announced in the National Assembly in Paris, the French Foreign Minister received the Italian Ambassador at the Quai D'Orsay, and it is understood that apologies were made. Feeling about the race continued to run high, however, and it was announced that the riders would not pass through any part of Italy as originally arranged. During the section of the race between Nimes and Toulon, bags of nails were scattered on the road in front of the riders. This sabotage was detected, and a mechanical road-sweeper led the Tour for several miles in order to clear the way for the riders

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF IRISH-ANGLO RELATIONS: Sir Gilbert Laithwaite (left), first British Ambassador to the Republic of Ireland, presenting his Letters of Credence from the King to the President of Ireland at Mr. O'Kelly's official residence in Dublin. The Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Norton, and Mr. Sean McBride (right), Minister of External Affairs, are seen watching the ceremony. Meanwhile, in London, the first Ambassador from the Republic of Ireland to the Court of St. James's, Mr. John W. Dulanty, who was formerly the High Commissioner, drove in state to Buckingham Palace

ALL FOR SEVEN SHILLINGS A DAY: Faced with a housing shortage in the summer season, local authorities at the German seaside resort at Scharbeutz, on the Baltic, have pitched a triple row of tents along the sands on the front. Already booked up to the end of September, the tents house 800 holiday-makers. For seven shillings a day, the tent hotel gives you a tent with a double bed, three meals a day, and also the services of a maid

A FATEFUL DAY IN THE HISTORY OF INDONESIA—THE LAST DUTCH COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF HANDS OVER HIS AUTHORITY TO THE INDONESIAN ARMY AND THE AUTHORITY OF THE JAKARTA GOVERNMENT NOW EXTENDS OVER ALL THE NETHERLANDS INDIES, EXCEPT WEST NEW GUINEA, WHICH IS STILL IN DUTCH HANDS: *Left*—Senior Dutch officers saluting Holland's tricolour as it was lowered for the last time over Dutch Army headquarters in Jakarta. Towards the left of the group is the Netherlands High Commissioner, H. M. Hirschfeld. *Right*—Lieut.-General Buurman van Vreeden, Commander-in-Chief of the Dutch and Dutch East Indies troops, taking the salute as he handed over command to the Indonesians. The Jakarta Government has had to suppress two formidable revolts this year, and it is now putting down a third—that in the South Moluccas. Whether it will be able to weather the storms ahead is regarded as a moot point in Holland

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER OF PAKISTAN RECEIVES IN DELHI: The High Commissioner, Mr. Mohdl Ismail, Mrs. Indra Ghandi, daughter of the Indian Premier, the Czechoslovakian Ambassador, Mr. Nehru, Miss Chipman, Mrs. Mohdl Ismail, Mr. Liaquat Ali Khan, Premier of Pakistan, Mr. Chipman, Canadian High Commissioner, and Mr. Loy Henderson, United States Ambassador in India. The reception marked the start in Delhi of talks between India and Pakistan on the vital Kashmir question

THE PEOPLE OF OTTAWA MOURN MR. MACKENZIE KING: Crowds waiting to enter the Hall of Fame in the Federal Parliament building, where the body of the late Liberal Prime Minister lay in state. Enormous crowds lined the streets when the body was taken to Union Station before being conveyed to Toronto for the burial in the family plot in Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Mr. King was born at Berlin, Ontario (later renamed Kitchener) in 1874, and he succeeded Sir Wilfred Laurier as leader of the Canadian Liberal Party in 1919, leading the Opposition until 1921. He was Canadian Prime Minister over a period of twenty years, twelve of them consecutive. Mr. King helped to bring Canada to a position of leadership among the nations. In recognition of his long and distinguished service he received the Order of Merit in 1947

THE CAMERA RECORDS THE COURSE OF "A TWISTER" OVER YELLOWSTONE PARK: These three pictures, taken with an ordinary snapshot camera, show the cloud beginning to take shape (*top*), the twister in full career (*centre*), and (*below*) its gradual break-up. Tornadoes are no rarity in the State of Idaho, in which Yellowstone Park is situated. The average annual number of twisters reported in the United States is about 140, and they are particularly prevalent in the central plain of the Mississippi region

A MOUNTED POLICEMAN WITH DRAWN SABRE KNOCKS DOWN CAFÉ CHAIRS HURLED AT HIM DURING AN ANTI-LEOPOLD DEMONSTRATION IN THE PLACE ROGIER IN THE HECTIC WEEK-END BEFORE THE RENUNCIATION: Within a week of King Leopold's return to the throne Belgium was in the grip of strikes, and in all the big towns and cities there were struggles between pro-Leopold and anti-Leopold supporters. Practically the whole of Wallonia was involved by July 29, with port workers, iron and steel workers, textile employees and brewery hands leading the strike movement. In Brussels parties of Socialists went round the large stores and small shops calling upon them to close, and by so doing to join in the general protest. On the day following came the news of Leopold's decision to step down in favour of his son

BEFORE THE RENUNCIATION—THE ANTI-LEOPOLD BATTLES IN BRUSSELS

A DIVIDED NATION ON THE BRINK OF CIVIL WAR

MOUNTED POLICE CHARGE THE CROWD OUTSIDE A CINEMA IN THE PLACE DE BROUCKERE: The trouble arose at this point when members of the crowd smashed the windows of the tramcar which is seen on the left of the picture. The anti-Leopold faction regrouped and attacked the police with bottles

A PRO-LEOPOLD SUPPORTER LOSES HIS SHIRT: While a policeman brandishes his truncheon, he attempts at the same time to rescue a man who has spoken out in favour of King Leopold

A DEMONSTRATOR IS SAVED FROM THE FURY OF THE MOB NEAR THE BON MARCHÉ, IN BRUSSELS: While the police stood over the young Monarchist supporter, another wielded the butt of his rifle to hold the crowd at bay. On this tragic Sunday the police time and time again intervened to save Leopold supporters who were being beaten-up. The city of Liége was hung with black flags as in times of plague. Gendarmes fired on anti-Leopold demonstrators and three were killed

A LULL BETWEEN THE STORMS IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF THE BELGIAN CAPITAL: The police, by using plastic noise grenades, managed to push forward to this point where the cobblestones had been uprooted by the anti-Leopold forces. There was a dual reason for uprooting the cobblestones, the first being to prevent the trams running, and the second to provide missiles for use against the police during the running fight which developed

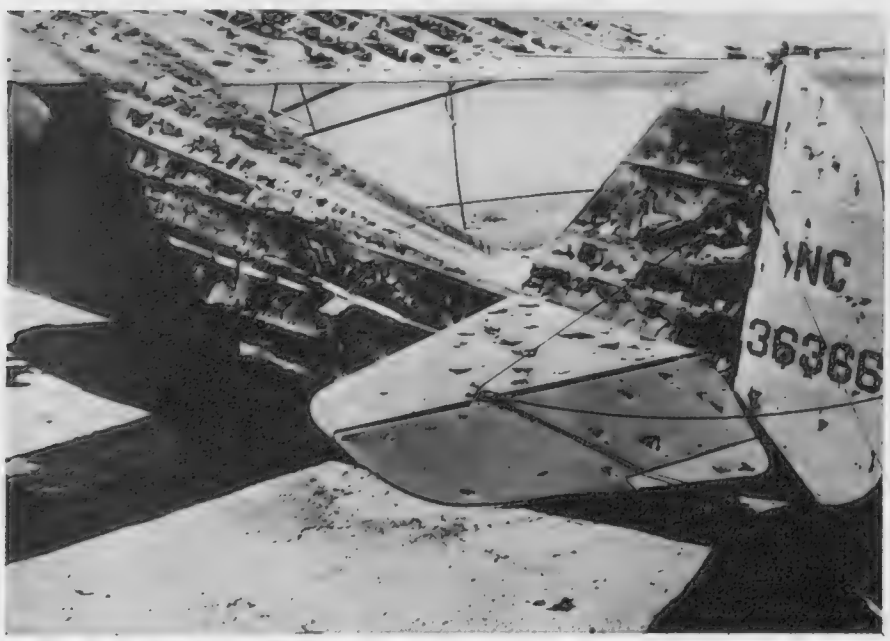
MAJOR TERENCE WILLANS EQUIPPED FOR A JUMP IN THE NEW IRVIN AIR 'CHUTE: The Major, who is a former Army parachutist, is seen before going up over Netheravon Royal Air Force Station to make his jump from a Lockheed aircraft, flying at 25,000 ft. It was not until he reached 10,000 ft. that his parachute, controlled by a barometric device, opened and gave him a smooth landing six miles from the aerodrome. The barometric device which ensures the 'chute's opening is in the black box seen just beside Major Willans' right shoulder

A MAN PLUNGES EARTHWARDS AT 125 M.P.H.

Trying Out the New Barometrically Controlled Parachute

BACK AT NETHERAVON AFTER THE BIG DROP: Major Willans reports to Mr. Irvin, inventor of the Irvin parachute, following the successful descent. The equipment is designed for use in the highest-flying jet fighters

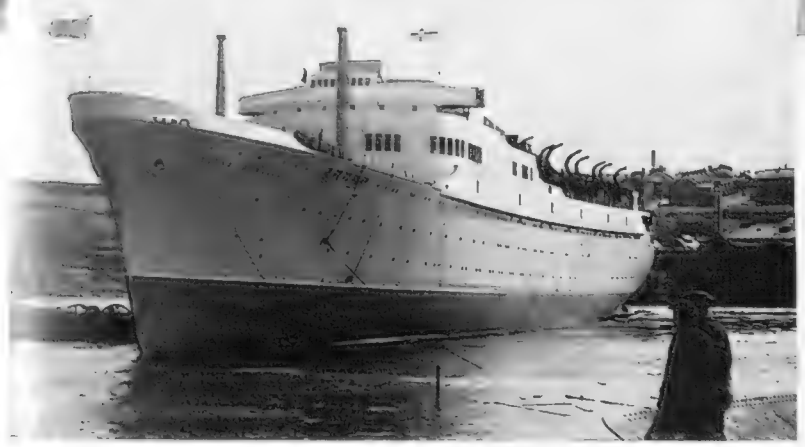
Controlled by a barometric device, the Irvin parachute will bring a jet pilot safely to earth, even though he may be unconscious. As he plunges downward, the chute opens at a predetermined height. If the device is set for 10,000 ft. and the pilot leaves the plane below that height, the chute will open almost immediately, a time-lag being allowed automatically, however, to let the pilot get clear of the slipstream of his plane. Last week's experiment over Netheravon was completely successful. During the descent Major Willans carried a stop-watch strapped to his left hand. He pressed this at the moment when the chute opened. He found afterwards that it had taken him seventy-two seconds to descend from 25,000 ft. to 10,000 ft. At his fastest he was dropping at 125 m.p.h.



VICTIM OF A MAN-MADE STORM: This uninsured plane was perforated along the entire length of its fuselage during a hailstorm of tremendous violence at Pueblo Airport, Colorado. The storm came at the end of twenty-six days of rain, which had been caused initially by the artificial "seeding" of clouds. The hailstorm broke more than 10,000 windows in the city of Pueblo and damaged 2,000 roofs

HAPPY LANDING: Major Terence Willans and R.A.F. ambulance men, who rushed to the spot, carrying the parachute in which the descent was made from a height of 25,000 ft. When he was plunging earthward at 125 m.p.h., his parachute opened when the barometric control came into operation

H.M.S. "DEFENDER" GOES DOWN THE SLIPWAY AT ALEXANDER STEPHEN'S YARD, LINTHOUSE, GLASGOW, AFTER THE LAUNCHING CEREMONY BY LADY BILSLAND: She is of the Daring class, the largest type of destroyer ever built for the Royal Navy. *Defender* is of 2,610 tons displacement (3,500 tons full load). Daring destroyers, of all-welded construction, are similar to light cruisers, and have typical cruiser turret disposition



Left—THE "OCEAN MONARCH" AFTER THE LAUNCHING FROM VICKERS-ARMSTRONG'S NAVAL YARD AT NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: The *Ocean Monarch* is a twin-screw passenger-and-cargo liner of 14,500 tons which has been specially designed for cruising. She will have one-class accommodation for 440 passengers, all in outside state-rooms

LAUNCHINGS AT GLASGOW AND NEWCASTLE-on-TYNE

The "Warspite" Goes Aground Again

THE "WARSPITE" GOES AGROUND AGAIN: The 30,000-ton battleship had just been refloated after her long rest on the rocks in Prussia Cove, when a leak in her boiler-room caused a list to port and she became beached on the sands at Marazion. It is now three years and three months since the *Warspite* broke adrift during a gale while being towed to a breaker's yard on the Clyde. After final tests for buoyancy, and after twenty-four compressors had pumped air into her, she came easily off the rocks. Three tugs pulled her out into Mounts Bay and, soon after, she stopped and then headed slowly for the Marazion sands

PIKESIDE FARM, SEEN FROM THE ULPHA ROAD: This is one of the five farms in the Duddon Valley which have lately been presented for permanent preservation to the National Trust by the Rev. H. H. Symonds, chairman of the Friends of the Lake District. The total acreage presented is about 900 acres. Pikeside is one of the high fell farms, standing 900 ft. above sea-level, and looks out across the Duddon Sands

DUDDON VALLEY FARMS FOR THE NATION

A Clergyman's Gift to the National Trust

The Duddon Valley preserves its remote and antique air, for it has hardly felt the impact of the motoring age; only keen cyclists and vigorous walkers penetrate its fastnesses with frequency. By bus or car it is very inaccessible, and it will remain so unless at some time a motoring road is built over Wrynose Pass. The latest acquisitions by the National Trust are doubly important because they not only give control of nearly all the Lancashire side of the Duddon Valley from the Three Shire Stones to Seathwaite but, on the Cumberland bank, bring the Trust's ownership into a new part of this valley.

IN THE HEART OF THE WORDSWORTH COUNTRY: This is Hazel Head Farm, another of the five farms presented to the National Trust. It is one of the three on the Cumberland bank of the Duddon. The praises of Duddon were sung by Wordsworth in a series of sonnets which clearly reveal the spiritual uplift which he gained from his journeyings with his sister Dorothy in this part of Lakeland

THRANG FARM LIES HIGH UP IN THE DUDDON VALLEY, ABOVE SEATHWAITE: This is one of the two farms which, with their rights over certain fenced common pastures, give the National Trust control of nearly two additional miles on the Lancashire bank of the Duddon. The splendid cascade of Tarn Beck is included

WHERE BIRKER MOOR SLOPES DOWN TO THE DUDDON: Brighouse Farm, on the Cumberland side of the river. In winter, when there are high winds or the snow is on the ground, this is an inhospitable tract of country, but in the time of the wild hyacinths and the daffodils the valley is transformed, particularly those parts that are nearest the river. Farmers find it hard to make a living in the Duddon Valley, particularly on the land at the valley head

BROWSIDE FARM NESTLES BENEATH THE ROCKS ABOVE THE LANCASHIRE BANK OF THE DUDDON: The National Trust has steadily increased its stake in the Duddon Valley, owing a lot in the first place to the gifts of Sir Ernest and Lady Simon in 1929, who presented 800 acres of freehold farmland to the nation. Lord Esher has been another benefactor, while the recently-announced gifts of the Rev. Mr. Symonds are a valuable link among properties which are already controlled by the Trust

THE PRECIPITOUS CITY

Moray McLaren's Twentieth-century Contemplation on Edinburgh

Sir Andrew Murray, Lord Provost of the City of Edinburgh, invited Mr. Moray McLaren to write *The Capital of Scotland*, and has sponsored it as an all-Scottish production. The book was printed in Edinburgh by Pillans and Wilson, Ltd., for the Edinburgh publishers, Douglas and Foulis. With such a production team, its authenticity is assured; but *The Capital of Scotland* is neither guide-book nor history-book. The sub-title describes it as a "twentieth-century contemplation on Edinburgh," and Mr. McLaren presents his readers with a vivid picture of the characteristics of the city and its inhabitants, which he has built up by anecdotes, ingeniously selected for their purpose of revealing various aspects and idiosyncrasies. Of the city, he writes: "Height and steepness—these are the qualities that will first impress you if you arrive in the centre of Edinburgh; and they will be equally impressive in the evening and the morning, in rain and mist as well as in sunshine." It is the picture galleries of the past that help one to appreciate the characteristics of the present inhabitants, Mr. McLaren writes. "They present themselves so forcibly, so vividly, so clearly, that they cut through the fog of cant, of false romanticism, of misplaced humour and of popular misconception and speak to us over the years, not only of their own Edinburgh, but of ours."

THE PRECIPITOUS CITY: This engraving, made after J. M. W. Turner in 1826, of the view of Edinburgh from Calton Hill, is one of the illustrations in Moray McLaren's *The Capital of Scotland* (Douglas and Foulis. £1 1s.) which is described as a twentieth-century contemplation on Edinburgh. Walter Scott, in his *Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland*, wrote of the view from Calton Hill: "This promenade in its successive richness of beautiful objects and numerous moral associations which they are calculated to excite is perhaps unequalled in Europe"

SOME VICTORIAN EDINBURGH STREET CHARACTERS: There have been many paintings, drawings and caricatures of the Edinburgh upper-class characters of the last 200 years. Only Ned Holt (who made the above drawing) concerned himself with recording the likenesses of ordinary folk of the Edinburgh streets in the middle of the last century. This characteristic example of one of his composite collections from the byways includes "Burn the Bible," "Oyster Nell," and "Blind Hughie"

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN: Although made in the early nineteenth century, this engraving of the High Street of the Old Town depicts a still earlier scene. The Tolbooth, which fills the centre of the picture, under the tower of St. Giles', was removed in 1817. The execution platform can also be seen; and the hole in the wall above it through which the beam for public hangings was thrust. This interesting illustration to *The Capital of Scotland* is described as being somewhat of a composite and imaginary recollection rather than an accurate drawing, but that it undoubtedly catches the atmosphere of the old street, an atmosphere which is still perceptible to-day in the twentieth century

AN EARLY VIEW FROM THE EAST END OF PRINCES STREET: This impression of the view from the Register House in 1804 looks westward towards the Castle. The rising slope to the left of the Castle is assumed to be the infant Mound. The North British Hotel now stands where the houses in the left foreground are seen. Behind these houses, there used to be a space where the sedan chairmen awaited custom until 1850, when the last sedan chairs were seen in Edinburgh and in Europe

THE VIEW NORTH FROM THE CALTON HILL: The above view is a section from the well-known panorama of Edinburgh as seen from Calton Hill. From the fashions in clothes (seen in this picture), it would appear to have been drawn in the late '30's of the last century. Dugald Stewart's monument is on the left of this section, and the back of the Leith Street houses (then but recently erected) can be seen on the right. If this charming and, on the whole, architecturally accurate panorama is to be believed, the Calton Hill was a much more popular promenade among the well-to-do citizens then than now

A SUMMER BRIDE AT ST. MARGARET'S: The bride (the Hon. Margaret Elphinstone), daughter of Lady Elphinstone, eldest sister of the Queen, with Mr. Denys G. Rhodes, elder son of the late Major Tahu Rhodes, leaving the church after the ceremony, which was attended by the King and Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. The bride was a bridesmaid at Princess Elizabeth's wedding in November 1947. The bride wore a gown of silver brocade with a long train and a full tulle veil. Following her were two trainbearers, Nicholas Bonsor, in saffron kilt, lace jabot and long green socks, and her niece, Jennifer Gibbs, who was in white net with a wide pink sash

SCOTTISH WEDDINGS

IN THE HIGHLANDS AND AT ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER

WITH PRINCESS MARGARET WALKED DIANA BOWES-LYON, COUSIN OF THE BRIDE: Wearing wreaths of white flowers and carrying shower bouquets, they followed the bride and bridegroom from St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridesmaids wore clover-pink gros-grain

SOCIETY WEDDING ON DEESIDE—THE MARRIAGE OF THE HON. JEAN COATS, ONLY CHILD OF LORD GLENTANAR, AND THE HON. JAMES BRUCE, SECOND SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE: *Left*—The couple walking from the little chapel of St. Lesmo, in a secluded part of the estate grounds, back to Glen Tanar House, near Aboyne, where the reception was held. *Right*—The bride arriving at the chapel with her father, Lord Glentanar. There were nearly 700 guests. The wedding gifts displayed at the reception took up the ballroom and all the ground floor apartments of Glen Tanar House and extended to the marquees on the lawns. After a honeymoon on the Continent the bride and bridegroom will make their home at Balmanno Castle, the gift of Lord Glentanar

THE LINER "QUEEN ELIZABETH" IS BROUGHT ALONGSIDE THE NEW OCEAN TERMINAL AT SOUTHAMPTON IN READINESS FOR THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY: The terminal, which has been built at a cost of £750,000, is nearly a quarter of a mile long and occupies almost the full length of the east side of the ocean dock used by the world's largest liners, including the *Queen Elizabeth* and the *Queen Mary*, which operate the express shuttle service to and from the United States. The terminal provides Transatlantic travellers with comfortable and quick disembarkation facilities that are probably unsurpassed at any other passenger port in the world

THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY WITHIN THE TERMINAL BUILDING—THE PRIME MINISTER ADDRESSING THE GATHERING AFTER TRAVELLING FROM LONDON BY SPECIAL TRAIN IN COMPANY WITH 400 GUESTS OF BRITISH RAILWAYS: Mr. Attlee told his audience that the pride and credit for the inception of the new terminal belonged to the directors and general manager of the former Southern Railway Company, who had shown great courage in beginning the enterprise so soon after the war. Mr. Attlee also spoke of the great value of the tourist industry in earning dollars. "We must create a network of friendship," he said, "to increase mutual understanding"

THE NEW TELESCOPIC GANGWAYS WHICH PROVIDE THE LINK BETWEEN SHIP AND TERMINAL BUILDING: These gangways, the outstanding engineering achievement at the new terminal, are mounted in twin turrets which can be traversed along the platform of the terminal for accurate alignment with the gangway ports of various ships. These structures are in light alloy and have been so constructed that they can, when necessary, be parked in alignment with the terminal building, permitting the quayside cranes full freedom of movement

GATEWAY TO BRITAIN

MR. ATTLEE OPENS THE NEW OCEAN TERMINAL AT SOUTHAMPTON

At a moment when thousands of tourists are pouring into Britain by air and by sea, many of them from the United States, British Railways have inaugurated their new terminal building, which to many of those tourists will provide first impressions of Britain. They will be good impressions, for the terminal building, replete with refreshment buffets, telephone kiosks, cable and telegraph offices, news stands, writing-rooms, escalators and lifts, is fully worthy of the premier passenger port of the United Kingdom. The terminal, which is said to have cost £750,000, is nearly a quarter-mile long and occupies almost the full length of the east side of the ocean dock. It is built on two stories, the upper floor containing large and lavishly-equipped waiting-halls with buffets and other travellers' services. The ground floor has a railway island-type platform long enough to contain two full-length boat trains at the same time, and a large cargo working area. Customs clearance is effected on the upper floor, which is linked to the vessel alongside by three pairs of telescopic gangways. Baggage carried in the liners' holds will be landed by the quayside cranes on to the baggage landing platform at upper floor level for transfer by trolleys to the Customs examination halls. Heavy cabin baggage will be landed to the quay by mechanical baggage conveyors, and thence to the upper floor by a second series of conveyors. After clearing baggage through the Customs, passengers will descend to the railway platform on the ground floor by lift or escalator. Other lifts and escalators are provided at both ends of the building for passengers travelling by road.

THE SEAWARD END OF THE TERMINAL BUILDING: Here a semi-circular tower rises in four tiers to a height of 100 ft. This tower will house Customs offices and baggage stores. The upper floor of the building consists principally of two sets of waiting-halls adjoining the Customs halls. The railway platform is on right

A SUNFLOWER CROP IN HAMPSHIRE: The seeds are grown for their oil content, which can be used for cooking and in the making of margarine. The residue, after crushing, is used for cattle-cake. Sunflowers are being grown extensively in Tanganyika, where the Overseas Food Corporation has had to raise them in many areas originally intended for ground-nuts. The average yield per acre in East Africa is from 1 to 4 cwt. In England the average yield is 17 cwt. of seed per acre

SUNFLOWERS IN HAMPSHIRE

AND OTHER PICTURES OF THE HOME NEWS

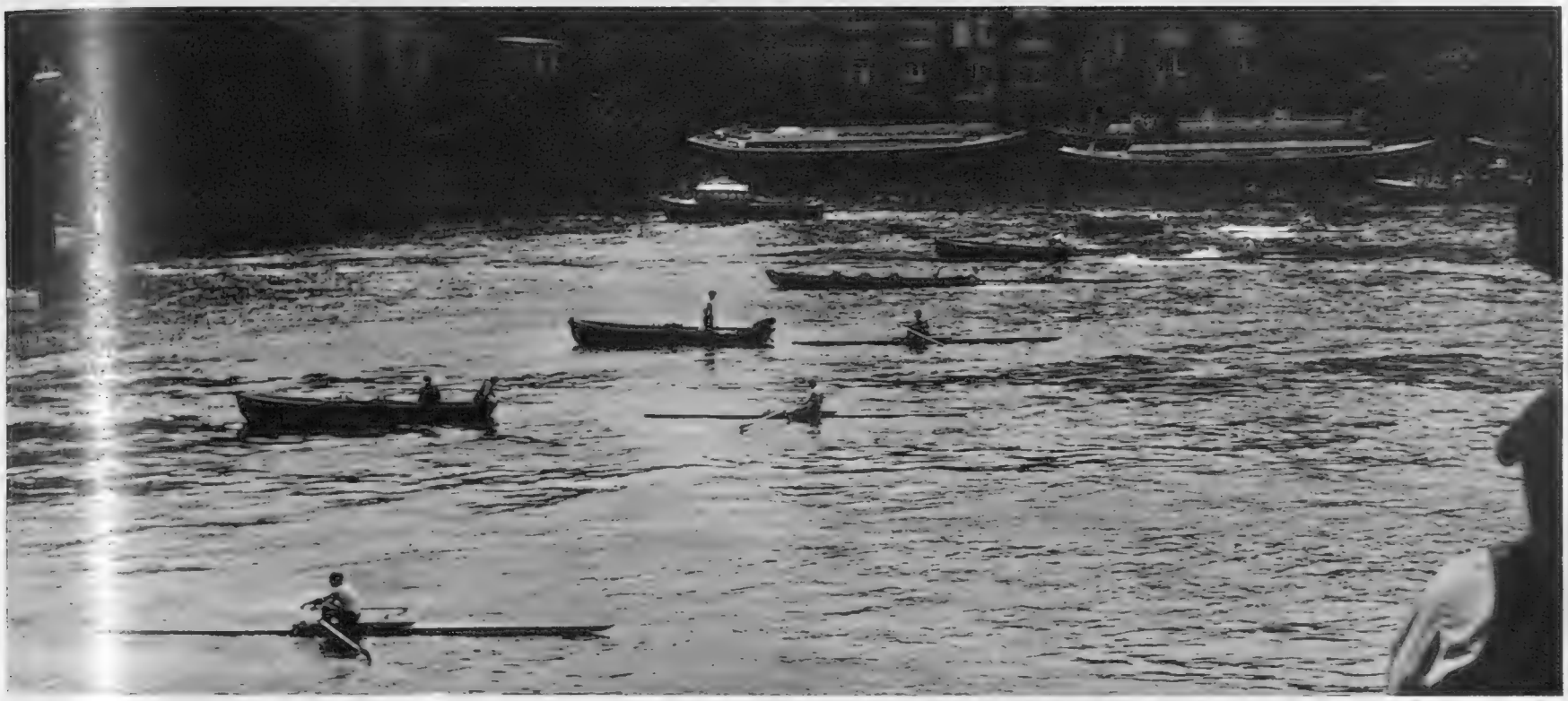
PRINCE GEORG OF DENMARK PRESENTS THE REPLICA VIKING SHIP, THE "HUGIN," TO THE TOWNS OF RAMSGATE AND BROADSTAIRS: *Left*—The *Hugin* lies on a concrete cradle on the cliff-top at Cliffsend, near Ebbsfleet, on the Isle of Thanet. *Right*—Prince Georg with his fiancée, Viscountess Anson, who was Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon before her marriage to Viscount Anson, and is a daughter of the Queen's brother. The marriage was dissolved in 1948. Prince Georg presented the ship to the two towns on behalf of the *Daily Mail*, who bought the *Hugin* after her visit to England last year to celebrate the 1,500th anniversary of the landing of Hengist and Horsa. Prince Georg also unveiled a commemorative plaque and, in his speech, said: "I trust she may serve as one of the many reminders of the kinship and love between the peoples of Denmark and this country"

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF HAREWOOD ENTERTAIN THE WEST INDIES' CRICKET TEAM AT HAREWOOD HOUSE, NEAR LEEDS: On the terrace the Earl talks with John Goddard, captain of the team, while the Countess examines a camera held by Clyde Walcott, the West Indies' opening batsman and wicketkeeper. The visit took place while the West Indies' cricket team were engaged in their hard-fought match with Yorkshire

JACOB EPSTEIN WORKS ON A PORTRAIT BUST OF PORTLAND MASON: The famous sculptor, now 70 years of age, has done many fine heads of children. He is now engaged on the portrayal of the 18-months-old daughter of film-star James Mason and his wife, Pamela Kellino. The Masons, who have been living in America, are in England to work on their new film, *Del Palma*

BRITAIN'S FIRST CARBON-BLACK PLANT IS OPENED IN CHESHIRE: A general view of the first American-type carbon-black factory at Stanlow, Ellesmere Port, Cheshire, which was opened during the last days of July, one year after building had been begun. Britain has imported most of her carbon-black from the United States at an annual cost of about 5,000,000 dollars. One part in five of every motor tyre is carbon black. It is also used in making inks and paints. The project in Cheshire has been financed by American Cabot Carbon Ltd., whose vice-president, Mr. Ralph Bradley, has been to England to inspect the new plant

THE FOUNTAINS OF EROS ARE MADE READY FOR NEXT YEAR'S FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN: Among the sights which will attract both visitors and hosts alike in 1951 will be the fountains on the Eros statue in Piccadilly Circus. Water from the top jets of the fountain has never played. It was intended to make the aluminium statue gleam on the top of a vertical cascade. Other smaller jets have been out of use for more than a decade. L.C.C. engineers have now inspected the sixty-odd stopcocks and carried out tests with the pipes which lead up from a small underground cell below the statue



THE START OF THE RACE FOR DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE: It is rowed over a course of 4¾ miles from London Bridge to Chelsea. This year's winner was G. J. Palmer, a young Gravesend professional waterman. The race was instituted in 1714 under the will of the late Mr. Thomas Doggett, the celebrated comedian, in commemoration of the accession of George I to the throne. It is open to Thames watermen, out of their apprenticeship in the past year, is the oldest continuous sporting event in the world and is held under the auspices of the Fishmongers' Company. Six competitors raced for the 236th of the series which Palmer won easily. In addition to the coat and badge, the winner is presented with a prize of £20. Second was F. A. J. Chandler, of Fulham, and third, L. D. Reed, of East Ham

THE MINISTER OF DEFENCE VISITS A TERRITORIAL UNIT AT THEIR ANNUAL CAMP ON SALISBURY PLAIN: Mr. Shinwell chats with one of the men of the 49th Armoured Division at Windmill Hill. The Minister spoke encouragingly to the troops about the Territorial Army. "I wish it were larger," he said, "but there is one thing I can say about it—that, however large it is, or however inadequate it may be in numbers, it is of the highest quality." He went on to say: "We want more volunteers for the Territorial Army and for the Auxiliary Forces, the R.A.F. and the Royal Navy"

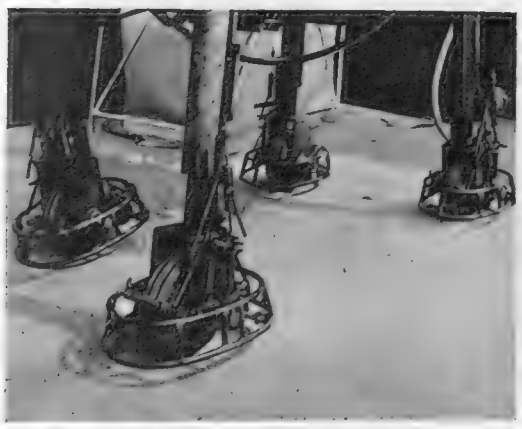
PREVIOUS WINNERS OF DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE WATCH THE RACE FROM A LAUNCH: The prize can be won only once by a contestant. Fourth from the right in this picture is Sydney Whitehouse, Master of the Company of Watermen and Lightermen of the River Thames

AND NOW THE ROBOT ELEPHANT—THE LATEST DEVELOPMENT FOR CHILDREN'S JOY-RIDES: Mr. Frank Stuart's construction is put through its paces on its trial "walk" at Thaxted, Essex. It has taken the Scottish inventor, now resident in Essex, two years to construct this monster at a cost of about £1,000. The elephant is 8 ft. 6 ins. tall and is capable of walking at 27 m.p.h., waving its "trunk" and flapping its "ears." It has a special licence to authorise its use on the roads

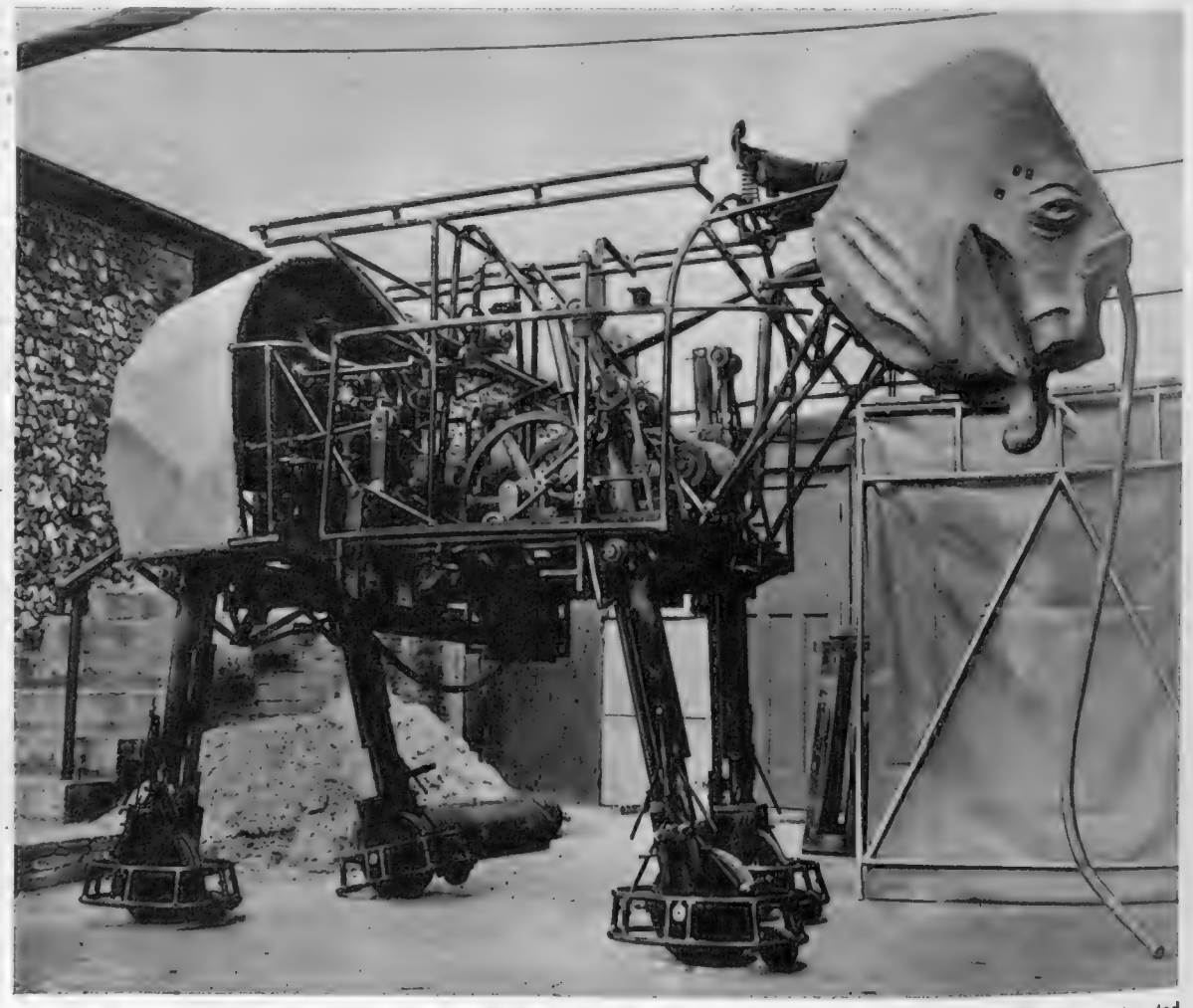
AN ELEPHANT IN 9,000 PARTS

The Robot of Thaxted, Essex, Makes its Debut

Mr. Frank Stuart, a Scottish inventor, now resident in Thaxted, Essex, who has been engaged in making stage scenery and masks for hire at Venice carnivals, has constructed a robot elephant capable of carrying children for joy-rides. He conceived the idea while watching donkeys treading along the sands at the seaside. It has taken him two years to produce his robot, which is expected to sell in America and Commonwealth countries. He began his task by building a steel skeleton, the size of a fully-grown elephant, and then installed a 10-h.p. engine with connecting rods to the legs. The mechanism is covered with a half-inch-thick hide made from toughened paper.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE ELEPHANT'S "FEET": The hidden mechanism which enables the 10-h.p. robot to walk at a speed of 27 miles per hour



HOW THE ROBOT ELEPHANT TOILS FOR ITS CHILD PATRONS: The uncovered mechanism which has been constructed from some 9,000 different gadgets and parts. It is driven by a 10-h.p. engine situated in the rear. The driver's saddle is seen just behind the "ears," while the trunk is used as the exhaust pipe

CADETS ON PARADE

Founders' Day at Pangbourne; Passing-out Parade at Halton; Speech Day at Greenhithe

FOUNDERS' DAY AT THE NAUTICAL COLLEGE, PANGBOURNE, BERKSHIRE: ***Left*****—Admiral of the Fleet Lord Cunningham of Hyndhope inspects the guard of honour.** ***Right*****—Admiral Cunningham presents the King's Gold Medal to Cadet A. J. Richmond.** The Nautical College at Pangbourne combines a public school syllabus with naval discipline. Boys become cadets, R.N.R., on joining and wear R.N.R. uniform. They receive special training in seamanship and nautical subjects in addition to a normal school curriculum. A limited number of nominations is granted each year by the Admiralty for direct entry into the Royal Navy, otherwise the Nautical College cadets are prepared for special entry

PASSING-OUT PARADE AT HALTON: ***Left*****—Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Trenchard inspects the 57th Entry of Aircraft Apprentices at the R.A.F. Station.** ***Right*****—Chairing Sergeant Apprentice Air, A. R. Murray, of Aberdeen, who was the highest in order of merit in all subjects.** Boys of 15½ to 17½ years can enter the R.A.F. station at Halton for the two-and-a-half to three-years course from which they enter the regular R.A.F. as aircraftmen fitters, instrument-makers or riggers, according to the branch in which they specialise. A few go on to Cranwell College to train as officer cadets. This year three will enter the College, including Sergeant Apprentice Murray. The passing-out parade is taken by senior apprentices and no officers are on the parade except those taking the salute. The boys are classed as apprentices until after the parade, when they become regular aircraftmen in the Royal Air Force

SPEECH DAY IN H.M.S. "WORCESTER" AT GREENHITHE: ***Left*****—Chief Superintendent W. Batson, head of the Thames Police; Captain G. C. Steele, V.C., of the** ***Worcester*****; the Rt. Rev. Christopher Chavasse, Bishop of Rochester; and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery, who presented the prizes.** ***Right*****—Cadets line the decks of their beflagged training ship as the** ***Royal Eagle*** **comes alongside with parents and visitors to watch the ceremony.** Field Marshal Lord Montgomery presented the King's Gold Medal to Cadet D. A. Church, of Coulsdon, at the prize-giving on the annual speech day of the H.M.S. *Worcester* Thames Nautical Training College at Greenhithe, in Kent. Cadet Church was selected by his fellow-cadets from a short list compiled by the Commander and the headmaster as the boy who showed the qualities likely to make the finest sailor

WHEN THE LOGS FLOAT DOWN

Lumbering in the Old Tradition in Canada

LOGGING ON THE AMERICAN-CANADIAN BORDER : A great boom of logs being towed to the mills of the Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company in the Rainy Lake area 90 miles north-east of International Falls, Minnesota. Although the aeroplane and radio play a part in modern-day logging, much of the back-breaking work is carried on in the same manner as in the old lumbering days. During the winter the logs, in 8-ft. lengths, are hauled out on to the ice-covered lakes and piled in long rows waiting for the spring thaws. The ice breaks up and thousands of cords of wood plunge into the icy waters : the jam is on. Along the whole length of the river lumberjacks follow the drive to ensure that the logs move steadily towards their destination over the dams and rapids and in and out of the lakes to an assembly-point above the paper mills. From the assembly-point the log booms are towed across the lake as depicted here

THE LOGGER SEES THEM ON THEIR WAY : He is guiding the logs through a channel in the rapids. The logs which have become becalmed at the side of the river will be poled out into the swift-moving water to continue their journey

PAPER IN EMBRYO : A large storage boom of logs near the Fort Francis Mill, Ontario. When needed, the wood is towed by tug directly to the mill and up on to large conveyors which transport the logs directly into the mill for processing. The boom would appear to be at least 300 yards in length

LOGS SHOOT OUT FROM THE SLUICE INTO THE RIVER BELOW THE DAM : Sluiceways help prevent jams by carrying the logs over an area where there are outcroppings of rock

PERSONALITIES

AUSTRIA'S NEW HIGH COMMISSIONER—THE C.I.G.S. HONOURED—MR. CHURCHILL'S GUESTS—MANFRED ROMMEL IN LONDON

HAROLD CACCIA, BRITISH MINISTER TO AUSTRIA, TAKES OVER AS HIGH COMMISSIONER: Sir Harold inspecting men of the Yorkshire Regiment at Schoenbrunn Barracks, Vienna. He succeeds Major-General Sir John Winterton. Sir Harold, whose career in the Diplomatic Service extends over twenty-one years, worked with the Resident Minister in North Africa during part of the war; he was later Vice-President of the Political Section of the Allied Control Commission in Italy and afterwards Political Adviser in Greece

MR. CHURCHILL RECEIVES GUESTS FROM THE UNITED STATES AT HIS HOME AT CHARTWELL: Mr. Churchill, who is seen in siren suit and white Stetson, posing in the garden of his Kentish home with Mr. Hall (right), president of the Hallmark Greeting Card Company, of Kansas City, Mrs. Joyce Hall and Mr. Donald Hall. In the centre is Mr. Anthony Moir, of Messrs. Fladgate and Company, Mr. Churchill's solicitors. Mr. Hall was in the news earlier in the year when it became known that he had obtained from Mr. Churchill the reproduction rights on a number of paintings, which will be published in America as greeting-cards

AMERICA HONOURS FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM SLIM, CHIEF OF THE IMPERIAL GENERAL STAFF: Mr. Lewis Douglas, United States Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, pinning the Cross of the Legion of Merit to the Field Marshal's tunic at a ceremony at the U.S. Embassy in London. The award has been made in recognition of the Field Marshal's services in Burma from 1943 to 1945, when he kept open the Burma Road and co-operated with American and Chinese forces in the Eastern theatre of war

WEST GERMANY SIGNS A TRADE TREATY WITH THE ARGENTINE: Dr. Ludwig Erhard (left), Minister of Economics in the Adenauer Government, and Dr. Jeronimo Remorino, Argentine Ambassador to the U.S., signing the 250,000,000-dollar trade treaty at Bonn

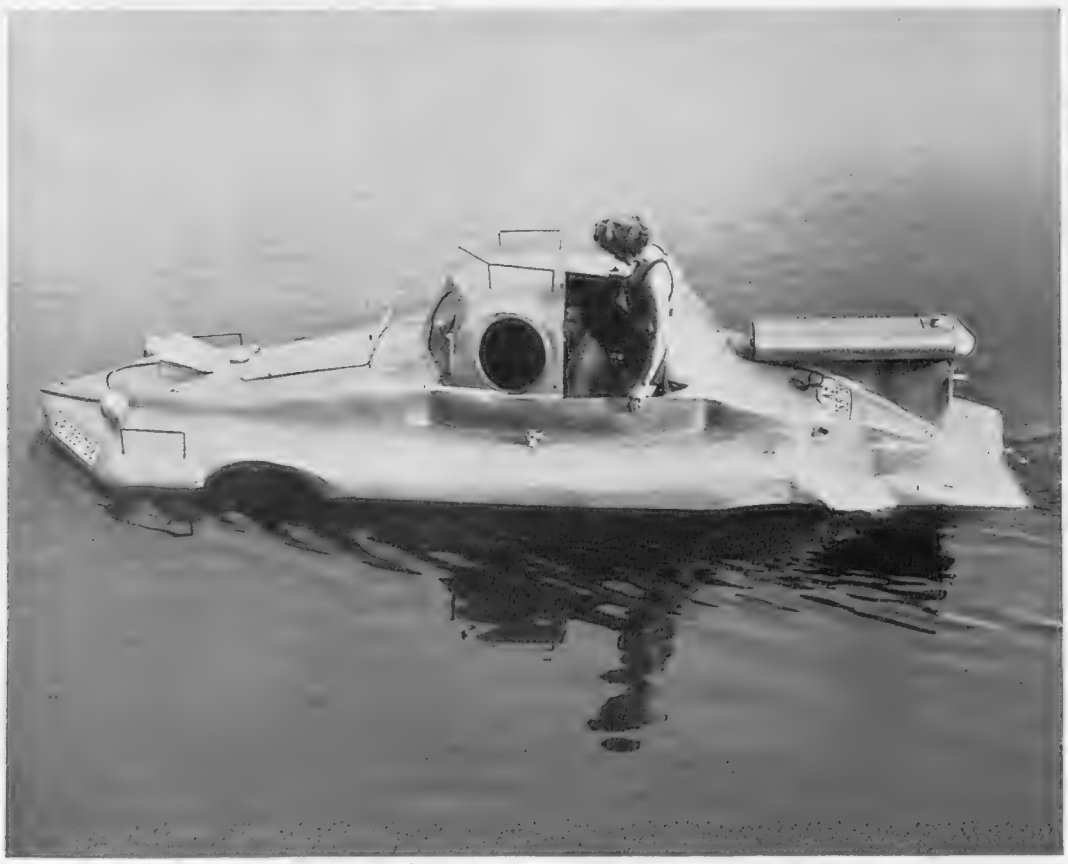
THE LATE FIELD MARSHAL ROMMEL'S SON ARRIVES IN LONDON: Manfred Rommel, a law student at Ulm, in the American Zone of Germany, with General Fritz Bayerlein, his father's former Chief of Staff, seen together at Northolt Airport. Manfred Rommel is here to discuss the publication of some of his father's papers, which are expected to throw further light on the Field Marshal's relations with the Nazis, his ideas on desert warfare, and his opinion of British Army commanders. Manfred, interviewed by the Press, declared: "I don't want to be a soldier, and I am not interested in a revival of the Nazi movement

TRAGEDY AT GENEVA DURING THE GRAND PRIX DES NATIONS—FOUR PEOPLE ARE KILLED AND TWENTY-SEVEN INJURED AS ITALY'S ACE DRIVER CRASHES INTO THE CROWD AT AN ESTIMATED SPEED OF 105 M.P.H. : Luigi Villoresi's Ferrari car after the crash on the main Geneva-Lausanne road

TRAGEDY AT THE GENEVA GRAND PRIX

HOME-MADE AMPHIBIANS FOR WORLD-WIDE TRAVEL

After the practice run for the Grand Prix at Geneva, several drivers complained that the course was dangerous, so some changes were made. On the day of the race, however, the Italian driver, Luigi Villoresi, rounded a winding circuit close to U.N.O.'s Geneva Palace, skidded on an oil patch and plunged through the barricades into the spectators, killing four and injuring twenty-seven others. Villoresi, himself, broke a leg and fractured his skull. Nini Farina, following in an Alfa-Romeo car, hit the wreckage of the first car and then crashed into the crowd. Twenty other cars crashed during the meeting, leaving only nine of the starters to finish the course. The Grand Prix was won by the Argentine driver, Juan Fangio. Two British drivers Reginald Parnell and David Murray, retired with engine trouble.



MORE TRIALS FOR HERR MUNCH'S AMPHIBIOUS CAR : The thirty-eight-year-old Berlin engineer, accompanied by his wife, drives his car across the Wannsee Lake during trials. He hopes to set out on a round-the-world trip within a few months. Herr Munch, formerly an engineer at the Heinkel aircraft factory, took six months to build the car, which has a 20-h.p. two-stroke engine and front-wheel drive. A turbo engine in the rear propels the vehicle through the water. For his proposed round-the-world trip, Herr Munch will build an amphibious trailer to carry food, water and fuel, fitted with connecting pipe-lines to permit refuelling when in the water. In 1949 the car was said to have reached a speed of over 40 m.p.h. in the water and over 75 m.p.h. on land. Large tanks fore and aft contribute to the buoyancy of the craft

KARL HASSLER AND HIS AMPHIBIOUS TRICYCLE—THE FORTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD GERMAN TECHNICIAN WHO HOPES TO CROSS THE CHANNEL DURING THIS PRESENT YEAR : His attempt in 1938 had to be postponed owing to the international situation, since which time he has passed the opportunity of being first across the Channel in this type of machine to his twenty-nine-year-old friend, Herbert Hainlein. *At top :* Karl Hassler is seen with his tricycle on land. The paddles outside the rear pontoon wheels, which later churn up the water, can be clearly seen. *Below :* The tricycle in the water. Hassler successfully crossed Lake Constance, South Germany, in 1937

Polythene

Polythene was essential for the development of another great achievement of British research—radar. The illustration shows the radar installation at the port of Liverpool. Polythene, or polymerised ethylene, is a tough yet flexible plastic with remarkable qualities as an electrical insulator. The name is generic for a range of solid polymers of ethylene, a gas derived from alcohol or petroleum. Ethylene will not polymerise easily, that is, the molecules will not join together in long chains, but in 1933, I.C.I. chemists found that under extreme pressure they could be made to do so. This was in itself a major scientific achievement, but equal skill and more patience were needed to develop polythene to the stage of commercial production. The pressures used—sometimes exceeding 10 tons per square inch—had never been employed before in chemical processes, and at the beginning there were many explosions, one of which almost wrecked the laboratory. The process was finally mastered in 1936, and the first plant manufacturing polythene came into production on 1st September, 1939, the day the Germans invaded Poland. Never was a product more timely in its arrival. Today it is finding many uses, the most important being the improvement of submarine telephone and telegraph cables.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

RAMBLING WITH DR. GOGARTY

Another Book of Memoirs from the Convivial Irishman

TO read one of Dr. Oliver St. John Gogarty's rambling books of memoirs and anecdotes is very like spending a convivial evening with a learned and witty friend: the conversation is not planned; it grows naturally from one subject to the next, and—since one is a respecter of talent—it is one-sided. ROLLING DOWN THE LEA (Constable. 15s.) gives the reader just such a pleasant feeling, and leaves him with just as warm a memory. True to form, there is no particular shape to the present book. It rambles amiably through Dublin, with a few digressions to aeroplanes; meanders across Ireland to Galway, wanders through Connemara, and finds itself back by the Liffey in what seems like no time at all. And as for me, I enjoyed every inch, or page, of the way. Dr. Gogarty, also true to form, has some excellent stories to tell. I liked the one about the Dublin surgeon who may have missed a patient or two, but never missed a race-meeting. At one of these a jockey fell and broke his neck. "Instinctively the crowd turned to the grandstand. They were right. The surgeon was there, but not exposed to the cold of the seats so much as to that of the ice surrounding the Heidsick. His acolytes took him by the Persian-lamb lapels and led him out protesting that there was no such thing as an urgent accident. . . . He knelt . . . he arose. Silence for the pronunciamento: 'Boys, he 's dead; but I 'll do all I can.'" As Dr. Gogarty has said: "Every man in Ireland is a 'character,'" and himself not least of them all.

Mr. Roderick Cameron's book of travel and reminiscence has a more definite shape and plan to it, but what it makes up in style, it loses in sheer joyousness, for this is the book of one as serious about his peregrinations as he is about his friends and acquaintances. MY TRAVEL'S HISTORY (Hamish Hamilton. 21s.) is a handsome volume, and it is illustrated in fine variety with photographs of Lady Cunard's sitting-room, drawings of flying-foxes, and plates of elegant coal-black gentlemen climbing trees. Mr. Cameron's travels covered Egypt and Ceylon as well as his native Australia, and on all these vast territories he has written at length and with a scrupulous attention to the flora, fauna and the human eccentrics that he observed.

Mr. C. E. Carrington has called his impressive book on British empire-building THE BRITISH OVERSEAS (Cambridge University Press. 42s.), and has subtitled it "Exploits of a Nation of Shopkeepers," to put the mockers, as it were, in their proper place. In this vast volume of over 1,000 pages you will find more facts than fancy, a full index, maps, graphs and charts, and portraits of some of the greatest exponents of colonial expansion from Francis Drake and Lord Baltimore, to Rhodes and Smuts. Beginning with sea voyages of Chaucer's day, Mr. Carrington follows the English taste for travel and discovery to the present days, and closes with a passage on the English tradition that will bear not only reading, but remembering. Like its subject, the book is a magnificent achievement.

Mr. Earl Parker Hanson is an explorer, a technician, and that slightly ominous thing, a planner, in the United States, where he is chairman of the Department of Geography at Delaware University. He is also, by and large, an optimist, and his book, NEW WORLDS EMERGING (Gollancz. 16s.), is in the nature of a counterblast to what he calls the "lugubrious wailing of the Neo-Malthusian Jeremiahs." Quoting the sixteenth-century edict that there is no land uninhabitable, nor sea unnavigable, Mr. Hanson sails into the fray and, excepting a somewhat hysterical admiration of Soviet initiative, produces a most stimulating book which should provoke discussions in many a Senior Common Room.

PAX ROMANA AND WORLD PEACE (Chapman and Hall. 15s.) is a history of Rome, primarily from the point of view of the Roman character that was responsible for imposing a Roman peace on the ancient world. In his analysis of the dominant traits of the Roman, Mr. Lawrence Waddy writes that he had strength without vision, and it is to this that he attributes the final and inevitable fall of the empire. Making the analogy with the present world condition, Mr. Waddy sees the two necessary human qualities as a driving force and method. Both these the Romans had, but their driving force, not unlike the Japanese, was merely the will to rule, and this was their ruin. For the effectiveness of their method, however, the author recommends study.

A MOBILE UNIT OF KENT COUNTY LIBRARY ENTERS CHILHAM VILLAGE: The mobile units tour the villages that lie beyond the range of the normal branch libraries

AN UP-TO-DATE LIBRARY IN AN OLD-WORLD SETTING: This is the interior of the old-fashioned Sandwich branch of Kent County Library. Kent has a population of 730,000 people, for whom the Library provides eighteen full-time branches and 425 part-time branches. There are also 130 special library centres for institutions, hospitals, military units, hostels homes, prisons, etc. The headquarters of the library at Maidstone maintains a special students' section

Mr. G. M. Young's LAST ESSAYS (Rupert Hart-Davis. 9s. 6d.) contains both addresses and papers and has been given this unwelcome title because, the author writes, "this collection concludes . . . all that I have to say in that form." If that is so, it is a great pity, for this book is an enchantment, and Mr. Young's calm but not distant manner has never appeared to better advantage. Whether writing on Scott and the historians, on Basic English—an exhilarating essay—on classical criticism or on government, here is an essayist of great stature and one whose works we should treasure. His beautiful introduction to Hardy's poems, printed here, takes added meaning from his opinion, written ten years later, that Hardy is the last great poet who will ever write in the ancient music of England.

Thomas Hardy is discussed in another connection by Mr. Hubert Foss in his study, RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (Harrap. 12s. 6d.). "The symphonic style of Vaughan Williams," he writes, "approximates closely to Hardy's method of writing. Neither will dogmatize: both seek a new and particular truth each time. . . . *The Dynasts*, the F Minor Symphony, both have a sense of splendour without tinsel." Mr. Foss is well qualified to write of this notable musician's life and work, both through his personal association and through his own position in the world of musical criticism. By design, there are few biographical details, but the book is particularly rich in details of Dr. Vaughan Williams' work, its development and the width of its scope.

LETTER TO A HOSTAGE (Heinemann. 6s.) is an essay written by the late Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. It is brief, even fragmentary, but it shows once again, like a last gleam, that quality that was exclusively his, and that was compounded of civilised grace, and of essentially French rationalism. The translation is by Jacqueline Gerst.

Mr. Gerald Bullett's book on THE ENGLISH MYSTICS (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.) is modestly announced by the author not as a contribution to the scholarship of the subject, but as a means of first approach to it. It is this, and much more, for in his chapters on Blake, on Wordsworth and on George Fox particularly, Mr. Bullett writes like the poet that he is, and adds not only to the literature on mysticism, but to his own distinguished reputation.

Of the three novels in this week's batch of reading I had the most pleasure from Mr. John Lodwick's STAMP ME MORTAL (Heinemann. 9s. 6d.), which is, quite surprisingly, from this author, a love-story. Not that Mr. Lodwick has entirely neglected his familiar shock tactics, I might add. There are a couple of scenes of German sadism, and a detailed, and, incidentally, quite brilliant, description of the pain of burns, an agonising incident in a train wreck, and so on. But between and through these by now ritual horrors which perhaps one day he will discard as literary devices or purges, or whatever they mean to him, the author really has managed to write about a man and a girl, and their falling in and out of love. He has done it with subtlety and even with tenderness, and the sum of his work is a novel that, in spite of its patchiness, has very real quality.

PIERPONT MORGAN TO LEWISOHN

A New Approach to the Art of Collecting

There was a time when the tycoons of American industry went in for collecting with a wealth of second-hand knowledge at their command and little or no personal appreciation. They achieved dominance (but not respect) in the world of art by sheer weight of hard cash. The great Pierpont Morgan, Wall Street financier and most acquisitive man of his age, typified this blundering approach to matters artistic, and it was little wonder that he aroused the animosity of men of taste like Roger Fry, the critic and connoisseur, and many others connected with New York's Metropolitan Museum. In quite another category, in a new and worthier tradition, is Mr. Samuel Adolph Lewisohn, a New Yorker by birth, and, like Pierpont Morgan, though on not the same scale, an investment banker with a big stake in industry. Mr. Lewisohn, in the course of years, has become a true connoisseur of fine pictures, and in his volume, PAINTERS AND PERSONALITY (Harper and Brothers. 35s.), he not only reveals the extent of his knowledge, but offers his readers a new, fresh and penetrating outlook on works of art. In this second edition, which appears ten years after the first, Mr. Lewisohn extends his remarks to contemporary American and Mexican painters. In all there are 142 plates of old masters and modern painters, accompanied by brief biographies and short essays, most of which endeavour to show the impact of environment on personality and so on painting. Mr. Lewisohn may not be a heaven-born genius as a critic, but many will find him an admirable guide; and his personal viewpoints are always clear-cut and stimulating, as witness when he enunciates the simple truism, "A picture should be bought for personal refreshment." The great John Pierpont would probably not have thought that a good idea at all.

When the first edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* came into being in 1771, biography and history were excluded, and the whole work consisted of three volumes, representing what was deemed to be important in the sum total of human knowledge. After the Napoleonic Wars, when Europe and the modern world had undergone the most shattering changes, Archibald Constable brought out a six-volume edition of the great work, and with each succeeding quarter-century it has advanced in size, scope and prestige. Following the First World War three new supplementary volumes were added, and now the pace has grown so hot, so swift is the march of events, it has been seen fit to produce a BRITANNICA BOOK OF THE YEAR (Encyclopædia Britannica Ltd. 50s.). The 1950 edition now makes its appearance, containing 750,000 words, 300 photographs and 56 maps and charts. Armed with this and each succeeding Book of the Year, the student of affairs can keep himself up to date in between editions of the major work. It is good to see in this volume that the tendency to over-emphasize the American aspect of things is now much less pronounced.

That engaging and ubiquitous character, Ras Prince Monolulu, well known on every racecourse in the land, and at many a fair, whose colourful personality has on occasion, indeed, penetrated the fastnesses of Broadcasting House, has as much right as any man to write a book, because much has happened in the lifetime of this tall, dusky, woolly tipster with his gorgeous raiment and head-dress of multi-coloured feathers. I GOTTA HORSE (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.) is the title of Monolulu's autobiography (as told to Sidney H. White), but somehow the book misses fire, and even the most hair-raising stories of racecourse gang warfare seem to lose trenchancy in this second-hand form of narration. It would have been much better if the Ras Prince, who was born with the gift of the gab, who has talked himself into riches and poverty, had been allowed to inject more of his personality into the story. As it is, he carries top weight in the literary handicap, and the going is distinctly heavy.

The County Books come out two by two, but, unlike the inhabitants of the Ark, each pair is strong in its contrasts. The latest two volumes come from opposite coasts, William Addison writing on SUFFOLK and D. St. Leger Gordon writing on DEVONSHIRE. Both deal with their respective counties with knowledge and enthusiasm, mingling history and anecdote with chapters essentially topographical in interest. Mr. Gordon perhaps has the easier task, as Devon is a county of such infinite variety, possessing a north coast open to the Atlantic rollers, a south coast of almost sub-tropical luxuriance, and a countryside offering every variety from the quiet, secluded valley to desolate moorland. Both volumes are published by Robert Hale at 15s. Another book of a topographical nature from the same publishing house is Harry Williams's CEYLON: PEARL OF THE EAST (Robert Hale. 25s.). This is a bit of a contrast from the author's last volume, *South London*, in the County Books series, but it is written with expert knowledge, as Mr. Williams lived for many years in the island and he knows a great deal about the Sinhalese and their way of life.

An important new illustrated book is Alfred Saunders' A CAMERA IN ANTARCTICA (Winchester Publications. 21s.). The author was photographer with *Discovery II.*

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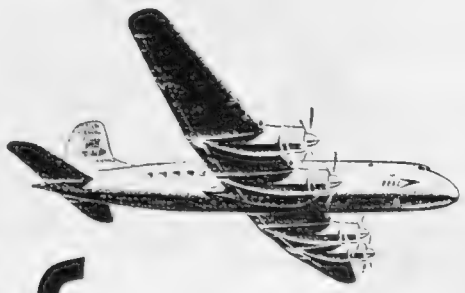

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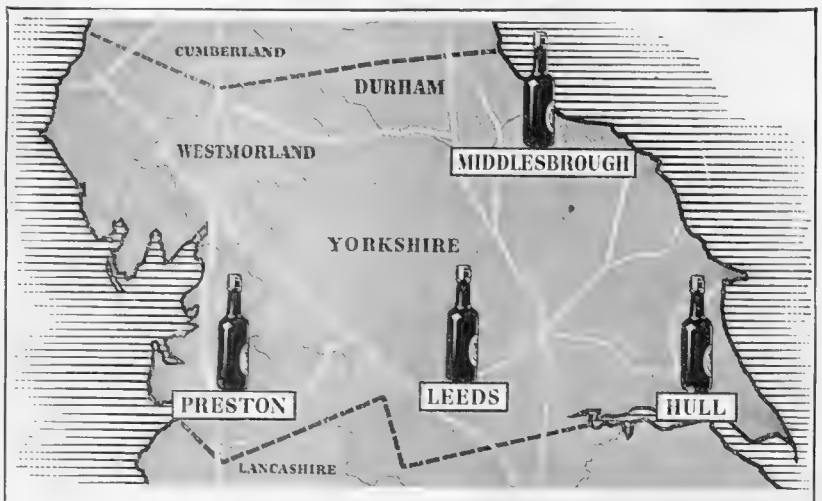

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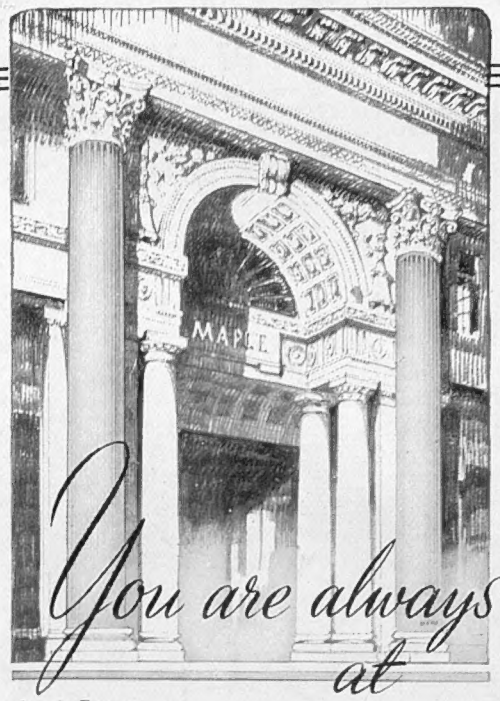

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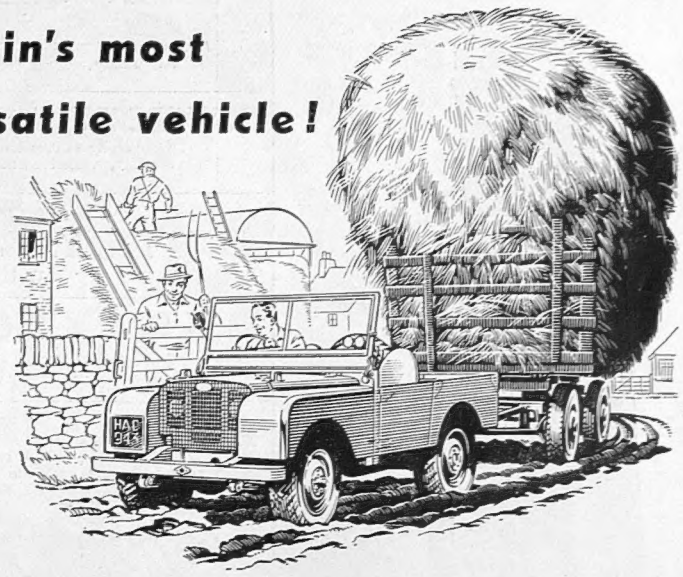

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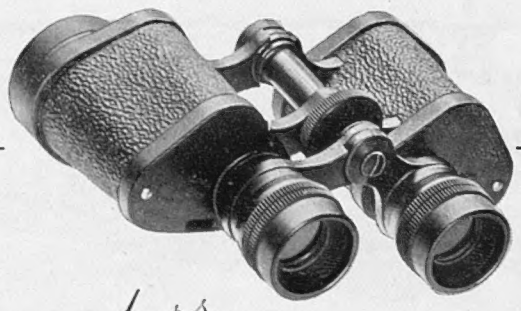

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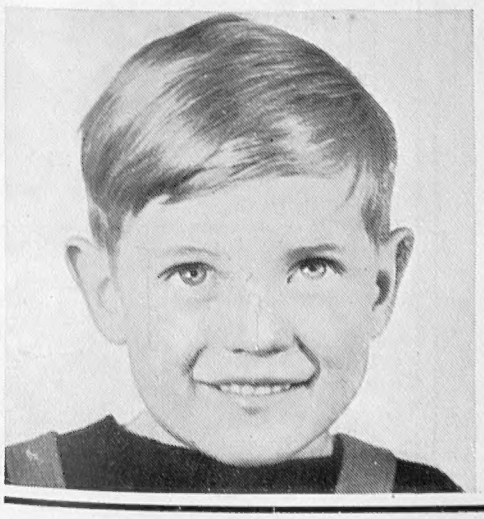

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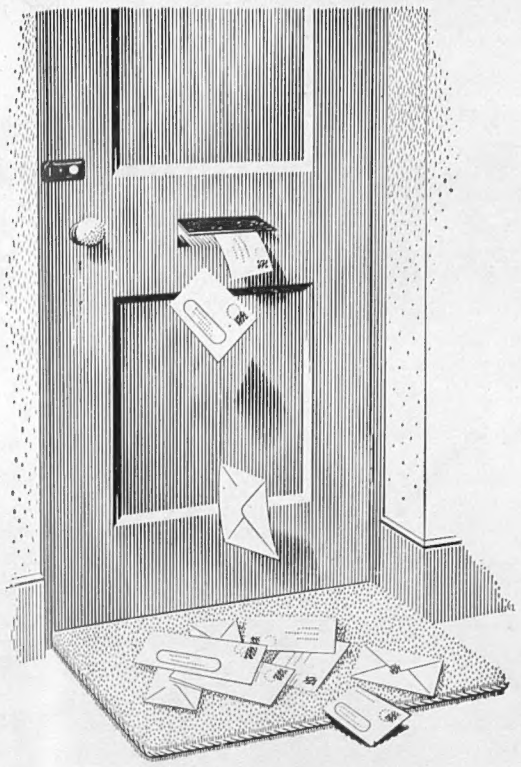

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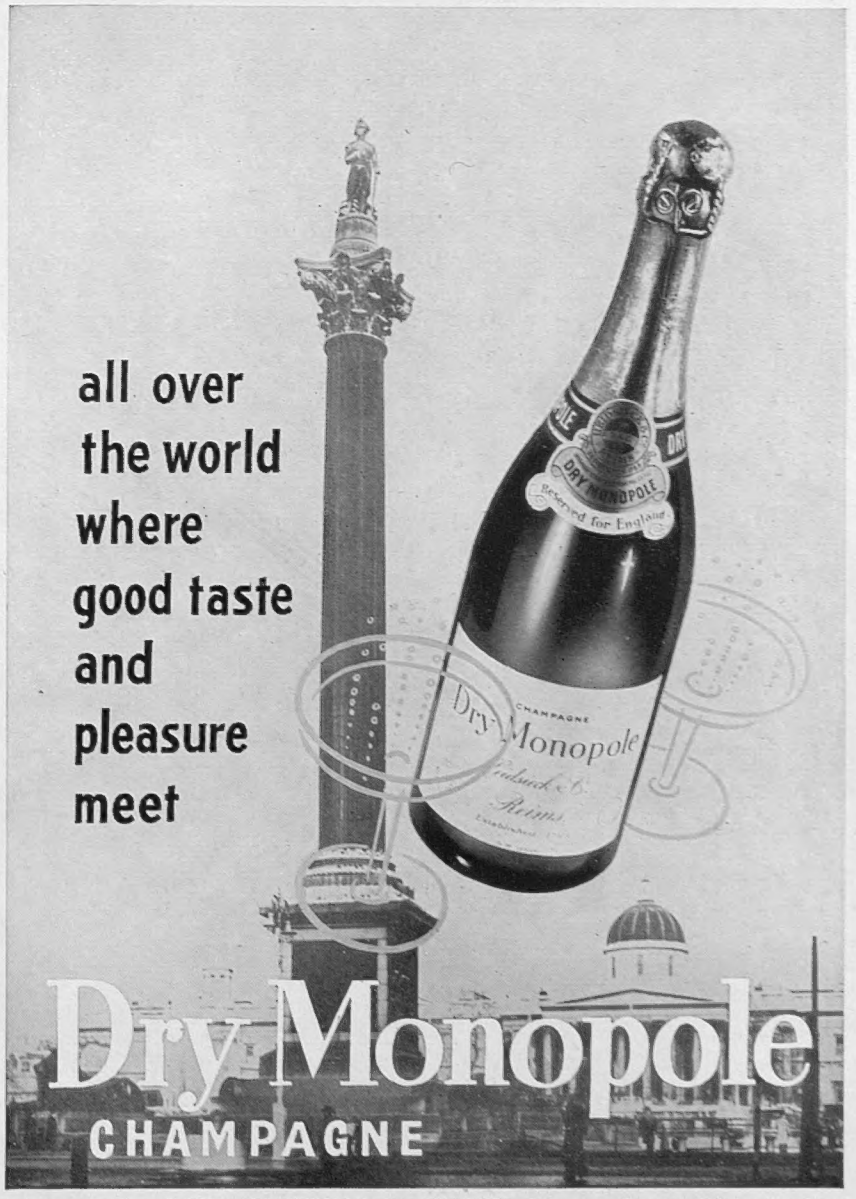

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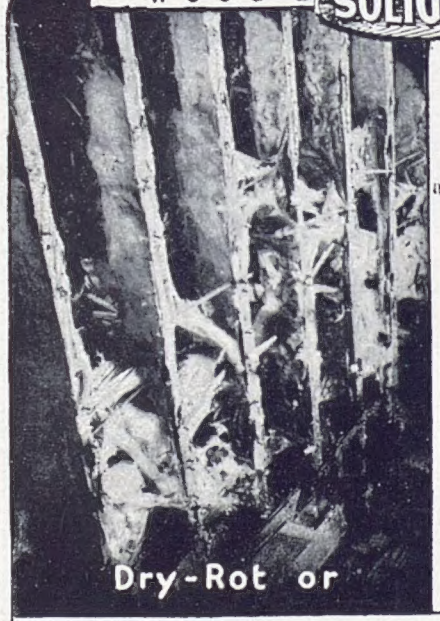

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